

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE
JOURNAL

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The CBC's daring
new gamble

Broadcasters Barbara Frum and Knowlton Nash



January 18, 1988

"We decided to apply the best conservation technology in our new Calgary building."

Keth McWalter,
President, Gulf Canada Resources Inc.

There is no furnace in the massive Gulf Canada Square building in Calgary. Heat from computers, lights, electrical equipment, even the workers, is recycled to heat the building at one quarter the normal heating fuel cost.

Gulf Canada practises conservation in all of its plants and refineries. Conservation is one important step toward energy self-sufficiency. But Canada's supplies of conventional oil are declining rapidly. It is necessary that new oil be discovered - and successful explorers like the Gulf Canada team are seeking that needed oil.

When Calgarians heard that body temperature would supply some of the heat for the new Gulf Canada Square building, many offered suggestions for generating warmth, including jogging around the offices.

Surprisingly, although there is no furnace, one problem in this remarkably efficient building is getting rid of extra heat. Even as the dead of winter, lights, office equipment, computers, building machinery and, yes, "people temperature," create enough heat that some of the excess is removed to be dissipated by an outdoor waterfall that flows year round in front of Gulf's new western home.



Keth McWalter, President of Gulf Canada Resources Inc. left Africa, Iran or 35 to attend the University of Saskatchewan. Years later, while managing Gulf's Iranian company, he acquired this oriental medicine cabinet for use as workroom storage.

Gulf Canada Square is one of the most energy-efficient office buildings in the world. It uses about one quarter as much heating energy as ordinary buildings. The federal government and an environmental group called Pollution Probe have given the building special awards for energy efficiency.

Gulf's team of experts all under one roof

The new Gulf building in Calgary gathers together the 1,950 members of the western clan who had previously worked in a number of buildings around Calgary. Now their computers, drilling core sam-



Although Gulf Canada Square is totally sheathed in glass, it does not depend upon solar heat to warm the building. In fact, the mirrored surface reflects about 75-80% of the sun's heat. Laptops, computers, building equipment and people produce the necessary heat. The building is an energy efficient that some of the excess warmth must be removed, which keeps the outdoor water fall running all winter.

ples, meeting rooms and even their recreation centre and cafeteria are all under one comfortable roof.

Here are assembled hundreds of scientists, geologists, engineers and other non-scientific professionals - all part of the team of Gulf people who direct exploration for new oil and natural gas and devise ways of getting oil out of tar sands, out of heavy oil deposits and of extracting more oil from older wells that have stopped flowing freely.

The Gulf team of experts have demonstrated their ability to find oil in unexpected places. They played an essential role in Canada's northern frontier oil discoveries under the Beaufort Sea and among

the Arctic islands, and in the Hibernia discovery off Newfoundland - which could be Canada's largest producer of oil. These discoveries, while they move Canada toward oil self-sufficiency, must be followed by further discoveries if our country is to be independent of foreign oil.

"Oil self-sufficiency is within Canada's grasp"

Gulf Canada believes in energy conservation as one necessary step toward our country's energy self-sufficiency. Every Gulf processing operation practises energy conservation. And, in developing Gulf Canada Square, one of the most energy-efficient office buildings in the world, Gulf has pointed

the way for other developers and corporations in Canada.

Over 11,000 Canadians work for Gulf. The Chairman of the Board, the President and the Vice-Presidents in charge of Gulf's operations all are Canadians born and bred. They believe emphatically in self-sufficiency for Canada as do most Canadians - and in



In the basement of Gulf Canada Square, tanks containing one million gallons of water store heat from computers, lighting, people and equipment for recirculation throughout the building. Gulf Canada practises energy conservation in all of its processing operations (refineries, gas plants, bulk stations, terminals) across Canada. Energy conservation can help stretch our country's diminishing supply of oil.

energy conservation as one important step toward this goal. They believe that until alternative energy sources are developed - and this will take many years - Gulf Canada and other companies must be encouraged to hunt for new oil. They believe that Canada's potential is enormous.

For more information about Gulf's energy-efficient building, write:

Mr. R. E. Foster, Director - Communications
Gulf Canada Limited
100 Adelaide Street W.
Toronto, Ontario M5H 1B8



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The look of love

In the recent provincial election, both Brudenell, Mass., seats went to the NDP. Now Maclean's (Oct. 26) of Pride, Cover, Dec. 14) has longtime PC stalwart Walter Donskoff apparently sitting beside and putting his arm around the NDP's...
—TOM ERTAN,
Brudenell, Mass.

Boring hunter

Like most of us males, George Jonas has a problem that is shared with the vocal arm of the women's liberation movement—the problem of the power of the self and its concentrated image (Podium, Dec. 21). What insecurity impels him to use the power of his own image as a stereotype of the bumbling male (just a stereotype)? Or is it painful self-image powerlessly showed up and so he needs to find a way to become aware of just what situation he is in, including the need to write defensive articles on stereotyping which generate self-induced stereotyping all over again. In such a context, the male female hunter about who is using whom gets boring.
—FRANK HILL,
Pride Station, Ont.

The right goal, but wrong assist

Peter Newman's about-face in awarding Premier Richard Ashfield of New Brunswick and Ed Davis of Ontario... a well-deserved assist for crossing party lines to support the PM in his quest—not because they saw any political gain but because it was the right thing to do.
—IAN D. LOGAN,
Edmonton

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Chiodola (left), broadsheet says it isn't so

thing to do' (Editorial, Dec. 14), is to see surprising that it is widely noted. The fact is that those two people backed Prime Minister Trudeau for no other apparent reason, albeit buried in rhetoric, besides their political survival. Thankfully the other eight premiers had the political and moral courage to see the light through to a conclusion, having seen second with the proper historical conventions that belong in a federal democracy.
—IAN D. LOGAN,
Edmonton

The future is now

Sean Beak said it all (Podium, Dec. 14) Benjamin 'Idealistic young person,' I too have seen what she wrote about. Why must we finish our education before our ideas are taken seriously? How can we gain experience if no one will give it to us? All young people are not discouraged and unconcerned. We care and realize that the future is in our hands. We must begin now. Give us a chance!
—SHARON SUGGET,
West Vancouver, B.C.

A roaring review

Although I have not read Thomas Bergen's book *People Prejudice* (Blocks, Dec. 7), it seems to me that having Barbara Amiel review it is like having a lion assess the merits of a piece of steak!
—MARTIN HANLEY,
Summerside, Nfld.

Who is winning the 'limited' war?

I am genuinely surprised and very disappointed that your respected journal would print a cartoon depicting the recent European peace movement as the naive machinations of Soviet spies. Most informed analysts suggests other-

wise. As for the accompanying article by Barbara Amiel (Columns, Nov. 20), I hardly know where to begin. One does not have to be 'pro-Soviet' to take a balanced view of the arms race. It is simply a fact that the United States has led the arms race for 20 years. It is simply a fact that the Soviets signed SALT II and the Americans did not. It is the U.S. that is talking 'limited' and 'winable' nuclear war and dreaming up ways to use the weapons. There is no reason to believe that either superpower has any intention of negotiating serious reductions in their nuclear armaments.
—T. JAMES HEARE,
Director, Operations Directorate,
Ottawa

People indeed

I think that your title *Legal Grande of the Elvish Children* (Question, Nov. 30) strikes. You are talking about people who are 12 years old and up. At 16, I am not a child. We may think slowly, but that isn't. Please, if you are going to use a label, use 'mentally handicapped people' and not 'retarded.' As the saying goes, 'label just but not people,' and if you have to label, please don't make it hurt us. We are trying to educate the public to the fact that we are People First and handicapped second.
—DAVID LINDEN,
President, People First,
Brudenell, Ont.

The biggest handicap

I take exception to Mac Hays' comment, 'Discouraged convicts and/or mental patients are continuously being released into accompanying communities' (Podium, Dec. 7). Hays lumps all people with mental health problems, without qualifications, into one pot—criminals! It is this type of comment that creates the stigma former clients of institutions live with. Why commit former mental patients to a life of shame by being so insensitive? Your attitude can be their biggest handicap.
—LEE WICKOLD,
Edmonton

Maclean's performed a valuable service to Canada by publishing Mac Hays' Podium. It was the best argument ever presented in support of the return of the death penalty. Even the most liberal-minded and libertarian or my can't ignore the facts, the protection of society first, the welfare of the murderers last.
—B.G. REIL,
Peterborough, Ont.

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Taking a well-aimed potshot

By Neil Boyd

Like bullfrogs passing a popular chorus from generation to generation, succeeding Canadian governments have granted to deeper this country's harsh war-on-drugs. They have continued legislation which breeds more of such a drug as criminals and sends increasing numbers of them to prison. But they have changed nothing.

Though it has been more than one year since these distorting wars appeared in a *Globe and Mail* editorial, the situation remains unchanged. In recent weeks, the federal government has taken continued legislation which breeds more of such a drug as criminals and sends increasing numbers of them to prison. But they have changed nothing.

Today we have a drug control system that has gone quite

bad. Some members of our police force do not charge members of the public found in possession of marijuana, some do. Some judges jail thousands of years, other members of the judiciary find such a suggestion outrageous. Although the government claims that cannabis users are not the major target of the law, 20,000 out of 30,000 Canadian drug convictions in 1979 were for possession of marijuana. A perceived "softening" of the cannabis law is coupled with an increasing number of convictions from through the chaos of Canada's convicted of the offense going to jail are decreasing. While only 500 marijuana offenders went to jail in 1968 (48.3 per cent of all those convicted), more than 1,500 went so sentenced in each of 1971, 1972 and 1978 (about 90 per cent).

It is quite obvious that the present marijuana laws do not deter use. In fact, I would suggest that the law has very little impact in terms of the decision to use marijuana. Toronto criminologist Patricia Erickson has found that 92 per cent of individuals convicted of marijuana possession were still consuming use one year later. While it is often argued that the imposition of criminal penalties serves to rehabilitate the offender, in the context of marijuana possession, this idea borders on insanity—the marijuana user needs about as much rehabilitation as those who enjoy wine with dinner.

But the decriminalization debate today has little to do with deterrence or rehabilitation; it springs, rather, from censoring the fear that relaxing the law will encourage marijuana use. There is no persuasive research to support this proposition, yet the fear has not diminished. And while our lawyers and doctors have said they believe the law is more harmful than the drug, the government fails to act. Perhaps Mr. Trudeau and the Liberals turn their collective backs on the decriminalization proposals of the Canadian Medical Association and the Canadian Bar Association because there is a more politically difficult lobby in the wings—the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police and the RCMP—who oppose the dismantling of the marijuana control apparatus. Possession of marijuana is the cornerstone of their drug business—more than 80 per cent of all convictions.

In light of this, let's look at some cold realities. The federal government gives lucrative contracts to certain law firms to prosecute drug offences. Without this office, the war on drugs would be only 20 per cent of what it is now. The fat contracts given prosecution would have to be reduced, the ability of the Liberal government to hide out such revenues would be compromised. The life of drug control bureaucracy must be taken into account. In total, the prosecution of marijuana offenders is estimated to cost Canadian taxpayers between \$60 million and \$100 million a year.

Our marijuana laws reflect the hypocrisy of our criminal justice system. The government's own *Le Devoir* columnist recommended repeal of the offense of possession in 1970; three years later the Liberals abandoned their 1967-69, a legislative initiative that would have eliminated the possibility of jail for marijuana use. The bill simply died on the order paper of the Commons. Perhaps the government did not want to be perceived as "soft on pot," such is the business of political approval. Still, this year it is likely that more than 1,500 users will be forcibly deprived of their liberty unless the laws are amended. Our country now has about four million marijuana users. No civilized state should allow so many people to be labelled as criminal or claim a need to rehabilitate 20 per cent of its citizenry. Marijuana smokers are no worse than users of alcohol or tobacco—it's time to stop treating them as criminals.

I would hope that an appreciation of the indignity of prison life would compel our government to move quickly in this new year to "decriminalize" marijuana use. If state disapproval must be shown, we might initiate a national penalty for public use—perhaps a \$20 fine, but certainly no necessary for court appearance, no penalties for private use and no criminal records kept. I realize there are health risks associated with the use of marijuana, as with the use of alcohol and tobacco—risks that are apparently insufficient to deter pleasurable experiences. As a lawyer and university professor, I would not encourage my students to use marijuana in class. But more important, I don't want to see my students labelled as criminals.

Today I am still haunted by a scene from a hot Ontario courtroom in 1974. A 17-year-old student was led from court, crying, to begin his 30-day sentence for possession of eight ounces of marijuana. The young accused had told me that he thought our marijuana laws were absurd. I was his probation officer, but I had to agree with him. As he walked in handcuffs to the city jail, I turned away. The perversity of the scene was just too much to bear. A few months later, I went to law school, smoked marijuana with some of my professors and with most of my fellow law students. Now we are lawyers and law professors, but still, like him, we are criminals.

Neil Boyd is an assistant professor in the department of criminology at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C.

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Chartered banks have established an international reputation for strength and stability in the 50's during the Depression when failed banks closed thousands of banks around the world to close their doors; not one Canadian bank failed. So it is not surprising that we trust our banks. Running a bank takes sound, sophisticated and prudent management, and sufficient capital to protect depositors.

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PROFILE: DENNY BOYD

The greening of a gossip columnist

By Malcolm Gray

It isn't great praise every time you, the grand old man of the industry, are mentioned in the bottom of page three. The Vancouver Sun has something new in newspaper good writing. That's the space Denny Boyd has filled for four years, building a following and turning what used to be the oldest column into his own turf. Once his output resembles gossip columns in newspapers anywhere, lots of lives on the latest fodder and accomplishments, with the names of local celebrities leading out in boldface type. It's the sort of stuff that, like soap operas, creates an illusion of intimacy, a peek into the lives of strangers made familiar. But Boyd sees himself as more than a rewriter of "items." He spends hours on the telephone, screening out requests for plugs, waiting for the chance remark that will lead to a carefully crafted story with perhaps even a twist thrown in for good measure.

He got on to a good one in early September, a few when, inevitably enough, he was the subject of gossip: a wealthy diabetic had kept him off work, but the rumor was that he had suffered another heart attack. Instead he was peering around his apartment, eager to write something about Thomas Scullen, the American businessman responsible for getting Vancouver its National Hockey League franchise and who went to jail in 1973 as a fraud conviction. That makes him an easy target, but Boyd noted that no one had been hurt by the fraud, except Scullen himself. Now the man was leaving Vancouver, but so was one, least of all his former partners now making profits from the Canucks, wanted to be seen with him. Boyd wrote about that, how this man, who in a city where everyone had once wanted to shake his hand, had rented a car and disappeared. The story, which he had finished out his sentence. "By the time he got to Agassiz Mountain Work Camp, the rain was thundering down and he hadn't brought a raincoat," Boyd wrote. "He parked and stood looking



Boyd at work: shaking booze and self-pity

through the pallid gate on the rented farm. They had closed the work camp in the summer of 1978, but Scullen hadn't known that. So he stood for a while, soaking wet, looking through the fence at the empty cabin where he had served his time, at the rock shack where he had peddled speakeasy and made stew.... "All the time I was in this town, the only people who ever thanked me for bringing the news here were the ones I did time with," Scullen said. "I guess they were the only real friends I ever had and I'd hoped to visit them." Then he bounded his fist and flew out.

Boyd can draw out the nucleus of a story like that new better than he ever has in almost 30 years as a journalist. Boyd's first column, the first column, "There are a half-dozen stars on the paper now and Denny is among them." His story is a little column, devoted to a day or incident in the life of someone like Scullen—some of the human re-

dition, Denny calls them—are what people remember best. "They provide a warm response among readers." Perhaps that is because, at 44, Boyd too has known the feeling of being out in the rain with the parade taking place somewhere else. There are his two broken marriages, a heart attack, a long period of alcoholism (he has been dry for years) and health problems when he was young enough to ignore his diabetes and go off his diet. After his last diabetic attack, his children, four daughters and a son, came to see him and they sat around and talked, going beyond the platitudes about getting well soon. He was surprised to learn that for someone who made his living commiserating, he hadn't done a good job of expressing his feelings inside his family. "I don't communicate that well verbally and I don't think I'm a good risk for marriage," he said. "Newspaper hours are hard on marriage anyway, so perhaps columnists shouldn't be married." Perhaps, but it still leaves him stuck within the paradox of being able to draw out and describe the feelings of others while remaining uncomfortable at expressing his own.

"I think Denny fears his vulnerability," said Andy MacGee, a real estate developer who has known him for 14 years, sharing houses with him between Boyd's marriages and frequent relocations. "Many people feel they know him through the column but it takes a long time to get close to him." Some, during the time he was drinking heavily, wondered if he was even going to stop showing himself. He managed to stop drinking, but another addition, self-pity, was harder to shake. Last year his 40th birthday was coming up, a difficult milestone, and Boyd was haunted by the fear of a heart attack. Even a surprise birthday party at Vasa, one of the more swinging joints in town, didn't lift his spirits. At the party, which was a cocktail in a cup, and the bird's squawking and screeching kept him up all night.

The next day, as he drove to work from West Vancouver, the four materi-



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shined in the mirror of his chest. There he was, halfway across the Lions Gate Bridge, having a heart attack and wondering which of the two hospitals he could reach had better food. His sinuses his head, a small, trim man who doesn't look as if he has health problems. "It was crazy. I finally decided to go to St. Paul's and when I got there I had trouble finding a place to park. As I was going into the hospital I was worrying more about the car being towed away than anything else!" Boyd swears it all down, then sat around for a while thinking. He was only too aware that Jack Wasserman, his predecessor on the column, had worked himself into a fatal heart attack, dying at a celebrity resort in 1977, at 50. "Five columns a week is too much," he told Clark Davey. "I'm only doing four from now on."

Davey undercut him, restricting him to three columns a week, but Boyd has since edged his way back up to five. Having a heart attack is a hell of a way to start making over your life but it has worked for Boyd. He did most of the usual stuff, playing more tennis and racketball and, most important, slowly falling more in love with his life. He's a long way now from the man who was likely to get drunk, buy a cubic cruiser, throw his diamond in the water and get in a fight with his future father-in-law, all in a single afternoon. People who knew him in those days remember him as arrogant. "You know how it is when you have friends who are really?" Well, it was a horrible arrogance be-

cause he had the talent to back it up," said Greg Douglas, a sports promoter and broadcaster who used to work with Boyd.

Argonnes and talent, combined with drink, have occasionally got him into trouble. In 1968 his request to cover the funeral of Martin Luther King Jr. was turned down. While he was still smarting from that refusal, he was stung by the suggestion from some barroom pals that if he had any guts he would just take off, and here was some money in a hat to pay for expenses and a friend's charge card to cover his plane fare. The next morning he was in Atlanta, long over and wondering if they would print the stories he wrote or him him. Instead, he was commended for his courage but asked to do things a little more conventionally from then on. Atlanta, strangely enough, was one of the cities that have almost demoted him away from Vancouver with better job offers, but Boyd has chosen to remain here.

He now rarely writes about sports, but it was the only job he wanted growing up in Victoria where he was a good quarterback and football player. By the time he was 26, he was the youngest, hottest sports editor ever to hit the city Sports, first in Victoria and then in Vancouver, was his beat until 1968 when he was asked to do the salmon column for a year. Boyd thought that meant following Jack Wasserman's example, dropping into nightclubs all

night long. "When he took over the column for the first time, he didn't have the self-confidence to do it and the personal problems he was having at the time didn't help," said Alex MacGillivray, assistant managing editor at the Star. Boyd went back to sportswriting then quit the paper. Over the next 19 years he freelanced, wrote a book on hockey in British Columbia and got into radio, even doing a hotline program dealing with social problems. It was a California idea that never caught on, and Boyd didn't exactly bare up the microphone as a host. "He's far better prepared to write the column now," said MacGillivray. "He's been around, seen more, done more."

Today's Davey Boyd gives the impressions of a man who has finally grown comfortable within his own skin. There is a picture on the wall of his den that shows him with a young-looking Pierre Trudeau, campaigning in 1968. Another picture, taken only a few months ago, shows Boyd on a tennis court with Charlton Heston. He looks better, healthier in the second picture. Maybe it's the view from his penthouse apartment with the shops passing in and out of the harbor under the nearby Lions Gate Bridge that renews him. It's a spectacular view, but Boyd doesn't show it off like a proud possession. He is aware that with a few more wrong moves he wouldn't be here to enjoy it. Besides, he's just starting to get into his stride as a writer, still learning, still interested in getting it right. ♦

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Going against the liberal grain



Buckley at work. Yet more impulsive than most conservatives are—or that anyone should be

Editor of the *National Review*, syndicated columnist, host of television's *Piling In*, socialist and political theorist, William F. Buckley Jr. describes himself as a journalist "with an eye for political truths." After 30 years of propounding those truths, Buckley, the most popular conservative in the U.S. according to the magazine *Conservative Digest*, now sits down enfolded in the Aspen White House and in American politics Buckley spoke with *Nation's* correspondent David Woods in the New York office of the *National Review*.

Woods: Mr. Novelist, journalist, philosopher and educator do you see yourself as a Renaissance man?

Buckley: I'm a journalist who has been gifted with singular insights into political truths. I think modesty about political opinions is really self-censoring.

Woods: You have said that you quote spiritually and philosophically as a true conservative but are temperamentally not of the breed. What is that temperament?

Buckley: It is a conservative virtue to proceed much more deliberately than I tend to do. I'm more impulsive than most conservatives are—or than anyone should be.

Woods: Do you feel a sense of vindication at having propounded a conservative point of view for many years and now seeing that the U.S. has

adopted that point of view?

Buckley: Not really. I have always known I was right, and the fact that the majority of the people, however temporarily, agree with me, makes things more agreeable, but there is no sense of vindication. If I had had fewer people agreeing with me today than I did 50 years ago when the *National Review* began, I would still say that I am vindicated by the facts and by those values that ought to constrain themselves to thinking people.

Woods: While the U.S. endorses monetarism, or "Reaganomics," Ottawa appears to be embarking on protectionist legislation and managerial economic intervention. Do you see U.S. repercussions toward Canada as a result, for example, of Canada's trying to buy back its oil?

Buckley: I think that Americans are reacting to that with their feet. There is simply not available the kind of risk capital that was available before Mr. Trudeau's famous legislation of just fall. I think that is reflected in drilling starts; it's reflected in retreat of capital; and it's reflected in the selling price of equities.

Woods: Monetarism, Friedmanism, Reaganomics—call it what you will—does not appear to have worked in Britain. Will it work in the U.S.?

Buckley: It hasn't been tried in Britain.

Woods: It's not the same thing?

Buckley: Not in the least. In England, Mrs. Thatcher was never able to control

the public-sector spending, which went up four times as high as private-sector spending, and was never able to control the money supply.

Woods: It has been my feeling that if the working populace of Britain put in an eight-hour day, it wouldn't matter what type of government or economic theory was in place.

Buckley: Well, I think there's a lot to what you say. But it is also true, however, that many people who are willing to put in an eight-hour day find that they are hampered by an regulations and by a proliferation of restrictions to trade which substantially got in the way of commerce.

Woods: Why do you think Reaganomics will work in the U.S.?

Buckley: Well, what has been passed by Mr. Reagan is not likely to work. That is to say, it is insufficient to test the hypothesis of supply-side economics. Let me give you some figures: the net tax increase in year one would be 3.8 per cent, or, when you factor in inflation, a 1.5-per-cent increase in taxes is simply not enough to change substantially one's mode of doing things. Year two and year three, we don't know what it would be because we don't know what inflation will be. But most important is that the people who need to be reached are the people who are paying tax at the highest marginal rate, because it is they who are uniquely in a position to save, to risk capital and to invest. Everybody



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THIS CANADA

Sore thumb on the fringe

Headingley, a sprawling, semi-agricultural town of 650 homes on Winnipeg's western outskirts, began life about the same time as its giant sister. Once remote from the city, separated by bush, held private and a long straight road, Headingley has long since been gobbled up by the creeping commercial strip of Portage Avenue, with its own glaze of malls, shopping centres and fast-food restaurants. Over the past two decades, city people with a little money and a preference for large lots and semi-rustic bliss, have gradually moved in, building one house instead of two.

Vestiges of the 19th century survive, however, in the form of septic tanks and the occasional outhouse. Though Headingley was amalgamated with Winnipeg in 1971 as part of the grandiose "Unity" plan, its residents still have to truck water in and ship sewage out at their own expense. For Headingley, which has always had a strong streak of independence, the marriage with Winnipeg has been less than blissful. Complaints of rising taxes, a burgeoning bureaucracy, declining services and a general alienation from city hall abound. Some—certainly the three-year-old Headingley Action Committee—speak openly of divorce unless the marriage becomes more of an equal partnership.

The spat—in it no after the rain is true—has led to a few bad marriages—have to do with where the housekeeping money goes and whether there's enough of it. Eventually, the resolve of the Action Committee claim they are paying property taxes at most as high as inner-

city residents, yet receive in return only garbage removal, road grading and the occasional service of a mobile library. Though a sewer main in Headingley 50 years ago, public transit no longer exists, thus forcing most families to have two cars. "I pay almost \$2,300 a year in taxes, then have to spend another \$600 a year to have a private contractor truck water in," seethes Al Kinnick, a freelance TV producer and a leading light of the rebellion. "On top of that, many people are paying \$35 a month to have their sewage removed. We feel we're paying twice."

When the city last took over the town, it granted a 12.5-per-cent tax break for the first three years, but the reduction wasn't renewed. What galls residents even more is that the provincial government, which is spending \$2 million on a water treatment plant for inmates of Headingley Correctional Institution, offered to share with Winnipeg the costs of extending city waterlines to the town, but the offer wasn't taken up. This is because, says Kinnick, the city knew every Headingley homeowner would demand compensation to deal with the sewer and water system.

"All we're asking is that we get the same treatment as our first-class neighbours in the city," he says sarcastically. City Councillor Jim Moore, whose ward takes in Headingley, denies the complaints are paying for nonessential services. "The noise is coming from a few squeaky wheels who moved into the area in recent times. They opted for the benefits of large lots at low prices and country living. They know what

Headingley and water tower (below), local outhouse



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Konkuk: "We feel we're paying twice."

they were getting two and they shouldn't complain." Moore suspects some of the reasons bought too cheaply in hopes the city would later provide services, thus allowing them to subdivide at a handsome profit. In fact, the city has frozen residential expansion in the area and turned down a major housing development, citing the need to contain urban sprawl. Some council critics see it all as a ploy by city developers and land speculators to keep inner-city land prices high. Headingley has become a no man's land for those with expansionist mind.

Hardly hit by the development freeze are the farmers in Headingley, some of whom would like to sell out because they can not afford to pay disproportionately high taxes on agricultural land. Norval Zellins, a 61-year-old grain farmer and contractor who has lived in Headingley for 48 years, notes that the average 1,000-acre farm pays \$12,000 to \$15,000 in taxes compared with \$5,000 in the nearby town of Rosser. "We're a mere thumb sticking out in the wilderness," he complains. This week the Action Committee expects to present a petition to representatives of city hall signed by most of the 50 local farmers objecting to high taxes and the freeze on development. Zellins, who was a town councillor for 10 years before the amalgamation with Winnipeg, claims that, aside there is some relief, Headingley would be better off as an independent village capable for government grants for sewage and water treatment. But Councillor Moore, for one, pays little attention to such threats. "If they were to become independent and try to provide fire, police, refuse, road and other services with what they're now paying, in taxes, they'd lose. And it's impossible. I just can't take their arguments seriously."

—FRANK CHARTER-GOLDER

With files from Nancy Wilson

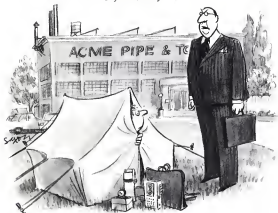


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The message loud and clear



By Mary Janigan

While Pierre Trudeau, perched on the lefty slopes of British Columbia's Whistler ski resort last week, most of his backbenchers were sneering for the bankers in their courtrooms. Not on their heels over the voters, snarling with unfriendly rage. They bristled with complaints about the November budget, the state of the economy, the prime minister's approach to Poland and the January postal rate increase. And they created a remarkable grassroots protest that has transformed customary Canadian apathy into anger—in the face of the ruling Liberals.

Much of the fury focused on the controversial budget tax changes. Liberal MPs complained in interviews that they had been humiliated by such powerful lobbyists as the insurance companies and beset by ordinary voters distressed by the new tax on employer-paid medical plans. Even the normally aloof professional middle class is outraged about the tax on such perks as company cars.

"The budget is another notch in belt-tightening that they just figure is getting too tight," sighs northern Ontario MP Jim Scherzer. "And the tears of many of my letters is, 'Of course this letter won't do any good...'"

That mood of protest loomed with deeper, less infected note attitudes toward the general economy. Last week the Gallup organization reported that 60 per cent of Canadians anticipate economic difficulty in 1992. In a poll of 15,000 members just released, the Canadian Federation of Independent Business reported that 50 per cent expected expensive plans and 32 per cent laid off workers during 1991 because of high interest rates. This resulted in the loss of more than 20,000 full-time jobs, and more than 21,000 planned jobs were simply not created. The Prime Minister's Office has been deluged with an unprecedented 170,000 complaints about high mortgage interest rates in the past three months.

For his part, Conservative leader Joe Clark has fielded more than 1,500 letters of economic protest per week since the budget debut. Backbenchers say that the ill-fated document seems to have deepened collective Canadian depression about high interest rates and growing unemployment. "The budget is only the last straw," admits Northern Ontario MP Ron Irwin. "Constituents say, 'Do something.' They feel there's no

Only days in Ottawa: some will be striking on anniversary this day

Maclean's
JAN. 1992

control. [To get elected today] I'd have to rely on my record and not my party."

Liberal woes were not eased by another popcorn at holiday irritants. On Jan. 1, the broken-placed post office held the price of a first-class letter to 30 cents from 27. In many cities, disappointed voters were complaining that a new federal program to tackle the inner-city homelessness issue (introduced on their walls as a tactic, too late (page 38)) And many Canadians were still seething about Trudeau's blithe Christmas press conference that martial law in Poland was a "positive step" and that Solidarity's demands were bordering on "excessive."

That remark was too much for Toronto Liberal MP Jesse Flit, a Polish Canadian with 6,000 Polish voters in his riding. He angrily pointed out that Solidarity merely wanted the same rights that Trudeau had snarled in the

SOP leader Ed Broadbent starts a cross-Canada tour this week to generate his call for an industrial strategy. Here that party traditionally picks up support when Canadians are worried about jobs. Broadbent hopes to lure disaffected Liberals away from their fold.

Brained by the holiday blitzkrieg, Liberal MPs admit that they have to clean up their image and their act. Last week, Employment Minister Lloyd Axworthy began that grim process with a major overhaul of the \$603-million-a-year job training programs. And when MPs return to the Ottawa shill for the resumption of Parliament on Jan. 20, Finance Minister Allan Rock hopes and his civil servants will be skimming on unemployment.

Before the budget, that minister was rarely brushed with media criticism. Last month in Ottawa he boldly told his staff that he probably had no idea about the extent of the political damage as-



Clark's staff slogs the flood: 1,000 letters of economic protest a week

new rights charter. And he lamented the new, distant chill between Polish Canadians and their government. "Unfortunately, 10 months of work has gone down the drain over one statement," he decried.

Liberal ruminating and rising voter rage have revived the flagging spirits of the opposition parties. Although they have not abandoned their hunt for Clark's head, Conservative MPs were distracted enough to focus on economic task force to tour the nation and reap the frenzy of complaints—despite the fact the New Democrats had used the same gambit a month earlier. What high-profile groups such as the Consumers' Association of Canada denounced the budget as an attack on the incomes of the elderly, the Times made headlines and political hay. "It's probably the clearest thing we've seen in a long time it's a long time," gurgled Conservative Finance critic Michael Wilson.

Butted by his budget because everyone was afraid to tell him. The rest of the caucus followed with a tangle list of woes. New rising Liberal MPs have lost their awe and their temper.

Friends say that Maclean's returned to Cape Breton for the holidays, badly rattled by the budget fiasco. He will be pressured to make more change Cabinet colleagues will probably force the minister to transform the top-secret process of budget-making into a series of white papers and committee meetings. More important, the average MP is going to start asking tough economic questions (see Ontario MP, the target of 600 budget complaints, points out that he and his fellow MPs have spent a miserable Christmas mulling in detailed tax inquiries.

The budget has made in gut involved in economic," he says ruefully. "And we know we have a lot to make those mistakes again." ☐

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Now playing at an atoll near you

I stood by the seashore out of the province of British Columbia, played by the Marx brothers. And it was fitting that a Canadian family marooned for a month on a Pacific atoll was rescued by a pilot who played a similar role in the film *And the Winner Takes All*. In the film, Fred Sorenson played a pilot who rescues an archeologist from spear-throwing natives. In real life, Sorenson picked up John Harrison and his two daughters from tiny Palmyra Atoll, flying them 1,000 km back to Hawaii, where Harrison was immediately hospitalized and charged with theft. That was only one of the twists in a sea saga that began when Harrison, Kristin, 14, and Wade, 20, sailed out of Hawaii in late November, a tank ahead of oil collectors trying to save the common shearwater after Harrison had missed several payments on a \$65,000 loan on the boat.

The Harrisons might have settled for the oil collectors, agents of the Bank of British Columbia, if they had known what lay ahead. The 13-ton boat ran into a typhoon, then eight days of storms which drenched the vessel and blew them off course. Finally, with the help of some fuel air-dropped by the United States Coast Guard, the shuddered boat made it to Palmyra Atoll. There they were met by the only inhabitant, a hermit who had appointed himself caretaker of the tiny islands making up the atoll. They knew they were stranded and set about the business of surviving, living on coconuts, fish they caught, and some canned goods from Ray Langford, the caretaker.

The outside world soon knew about their predicament, however. Their appeals for rescue, transmitted by a series of beeping radio messages, friends, relatives—and eventually—back in North America. Harrison's former wife, Michelle, now living in Redondo Beach, Calif., got involved. So did Jennifer Pougat, Harrison's current girlfriend, living in Hawaii, her sister Jennifer. She had planned to join him in Hawaii. Gary Chan, an old high school friend of Harrison's now living in Redondo, N.Y., started a drive for funds, the Gac the Harrison Family Home Trust.

Then, requests for help were made to the U.S. and Canadian governments, and things got really complicated, with External Affairs mulling over who would pay the costs of chartering a rescue plane. A high-tension crisis in the area offered to pick up the Harrisons,



Newsmen with boys John Morrison, Mike and Kristen Handicuff and a Denise Apple

bel Kristian, who had come through the storms on the transients, aware she would never set foot on another boat.

Meanwhile, back at the Bank of BC, officials were preparing their own reunion music. Fred Sorenson with his 40-year-old Kodak plane, was on and off the team at different points largely because Harrison's friends thought his \$11,280 estimate for the rescue attempt was too high. While alternate music plans were being set up, the Harrisons continued to live on their dambled boat, eating fish and enjoying outgrowth from a Second World War striping so that a plane could land. They spent Christmas Day there, enjoying a dinner of roasted sparrow, oven-baked turkey, bread and a can of betts. Dessert—also courtesy of Ray Leveque—was a can of pumpkin. Finally, on Jan. 5, Sorenson decided he was tired of all the wrangling. "The Canadian over-see in the Prinego had said us to stand by for nine straight days and that money was available for music. Then the money wasn't available. We'd put off several other customers for our plane, and with all the waiting around the [four-ton] crew was starting to get down."

The Harrisons were out catching still more fish when Sorenson raised overhead and landed with difficulty on the newly cleared airstrip. Credits would start rolling up in the air as this point in a movie, but Harrison's real-life return to civilization was marked by handcuffs clicking into place—and a banana split, courtesy of the arriving officers. Most people who met Harrison, including Sorenson, note again thing the man

The theft charges were laid after the Supplies left port in a hurry, taking with it the personal belongings of three men who had worked on the boat for a while. Harrison left some of his own belongings on the stranded boat when he flew back in Hawaii but brought back the crew's possessions, including a camera and passport, Sorenson said. Nevertheless, Harrison, who once lived in Vancouver's port neighborhood district, spent his first night back in life was sleeping on the concrete floor of a holding cell, while his daughters were getting ready to return to California with their mother Fred Sorenson, who picked up \$2,000 from Harrison's

Stephen, pre-1960s film a Lost Ark



friends to cover the fuel costs of the rescue mission, was thinking about donating the Canadian government for his other expenses. "Making Rides of the Lost Ark was a lot more than that," he said. "Nobody had to worry about legal problems."

John Harrison has not missed the attention. Last Friday he played a concert (solo notwithstanding) to a reduced crowd of theft, and after promising to repay \$800 in travellers' cheques that had belonged to a crew member, he was put on probation for a year. And with the Harrison story behind his own in court, the principal actor can now think about back and movie possibilities.

—NANCY GRAY

QUEBEC

Scenario with an unexpected twist

While reporters and photographers jostled one another, the chief of the RCMP counterintelligence section, Harry Brandes, glared toward a chair in a standard Holiday Inn room, on Montreal's Cote de Liesse road. "At one point in time we moved him from this chair, where he died, to this bed." Brandes explained solemnly to Quebec Coroner Shamus Dery. The coroner looked and asked and then Dery adjourned indefinitely a special inquest into the death on Dec. 12, 1964, of the 40-year-old former Canadian ambassador to the Soviet Union, John Watkins.

In three days of hearings ordered by Quebec Justice Minister Marc-André Lévesque, witnesses had not created the scenario of cloak-and-dagger foreplay that critics of the Murders might have been expecting. Although Watkins suffered a fatal heart attack during his 17th day of questioning by the Murders, it did not appear to be the kind of event and relations drifting a Italy word-writer would have called for. Instead, testimony indicated Watkins was cooperating voluntarily with the officers, "excepting their company," according to a friend and fellow diplomat, John Holmes.

The picture of Watkins that emerged from the testimony was of an ill and elderly man whose closet homosexuality, having perhaps left him open to blackmail by the Soviets, had led him to resign himself to a full investigation by Canadian counterespionage agents. Police forces control up the exact circumstances of his death "for reasons of national security," Brandes said. But an attorney at the special inquest noted, the coroner ultimately decided little more than the diplomat's private

life and sexuality—now, 17 years after his death, part of the public domain.

Watkins was a career diplomat whose postings were crossed by his agents. He was an ambassador to the Soviet Union in 1964. Holmes testified that Watkins was a "good" man, "interesting" and "a wonderful raconteur." Watkins had retired and was living in Paris when a Soviet defector told British agents that he had been compromised by the U.S.S.R., set up in a home-ward affair and photographed. The defector said Soviet police had then tried to coerce Watkins into informing Canadian policy in favor of the U.S.S.R. Brandes and Leslie James Bennett, then head of the RCMP's Soviet-like counterespionage unit, flew to Paris to question Watkins. (Brandes himself was later questioned about his own possible links with the RCMP. He retired from the force in 1980 and is now living in Australia.)

The interrogation of Watkins moved to London, where Holmes learned of it, and then to Montreal.

Watkins had already suffered a heart attack during the summer of 1964. Holmes said he looked pale and weak, "like a man who felt he did not have long to live." A few weeks later Watkins was dead. His body was cremated and the ashes were sent to his only relatives, who lived in Naval, Ont. It took the more recent bulk of material when he 1964, news of the force's dirty tricks and illegal activities, to show Watkins' aides into the public eye. Although the inquest elicited only second-hand information about the interrogation, the fact remains that Bennett suggested, in a newspaper interview from Australia last June, that Watkins could have committed suicide. The prospect of Bennett testifying at the inquest will likely prove too alluring for Coroner Dery to pass up.

—ANNE BLISS

Watkins' moved from the chair to the bed



Morrison and Lévesque after the agreement, he was just not himself anymore

Morin resigns, but not to silence

Last week at Parti Québécois headquarters in Montreal, supporters panted over some of the responses to the scheduled referendum on whether PQ members support Premier René Lévesque's sovereignty-independence policy. While some parties reportedly announced their resignation from the party, others called for speeded ballots to protest Lévesque's attempt to overthrow the independence position adopted at the PQ congress last month (Montreal's Dec. 21, 1981). While these independence parties' intentions, the moderate socialist of a previous PQ referendum. Future also with drew, at least from a government role.

Inter-governmental Affairs Minister Claude Morin left the major gamble of his public political career when Québec voters said no in the general election of May 20, 1980. That rejection of even the suggestion of sovereignty-independence made Morin's resignation as minister and as member of the national assembly inevitable.

But Morin's previous political crusade as still alive and his influence in René Lévesque remains. Wrote Morin in Lévesque's resignation letter: "I won't give up the fight." Answered Lévesque: "Luckily it's not necessary for you to be in the government in order for us to work and, as you say, for us to continue to profit from your vast experience."

Between 1963 and 1973 as deputy minister advising on constitutional affairs to four Quebec premiers from Lesage to Bourassa, civil servant Morin had been persuaded, said standard Québec-Ottawa negotiating sessions were held each for Quebec. Morin entered politics on the side of the PQ in 1973 determined to fight to get Québécois

bringing with the rest of Canada from a different footing. He said that he wanted the Québec vote to have the chance to answer "the question: 'I had been asking myself for so many years' in Morin's own analysis, the response to the query "What do Québécois want?" was answered by the referendum results. It is the status quo. That left Morin with his question answered, PQ militants in dissent, and Lévesque with an unconfirmed mandate.

Morin stayed to bargain in the new constitutional talks. He told Lévesque: "In the human scale the results affected me far more than I could have imagined possible." He considers that Québec was stabbed in the back and that he was personally betrayed by his personal counterparts. Confirmed claims claim after the constitutional agreement Morin was just not himself anymore. He became hostile in his dealings with other ministers. His self-assessment was gone.

But as Morin's resignation letter confirmed, he had no intention of losing his influence with the provincial government. The civil servant who whopped in the men of Union Nationale and two Liberal premiers plans to remain in the government in order for us to work and, as you say, for us to continue to profit from your vast experience."

That will give little comfort to those who resented Morin's persistence in the past. Nor will it be placed to know that the civil servant turned politician is returning to other powerful positions. Resuming his post at the school of public administration at the University of Québec, Morin will be teaching a whole new generation of Québécois mandarin.

—ANNE BLISS

The fire over insulating foam

An application forms for federal subsidies go out this week to thousands of Canadians living in fear of formaldehyde fumes in their homes. Ontario's handling of the residential foam problem seems to be hamstrung by bureaucratic red tape. Even as the government began accepting its \$110-million program to indemnify victims of urea-formaldehyde insulation, two fires last week revealed that they are almost as hard to contain as the fumes in the problem were. But in such cases, the federal government had refused requests for official testing of the products' effectiveness in neutralizing the formaldehyde vapors which may affect as many as 80,000 structures.

Ottawa's program will allocate up to \$5,000 per home to reduce the levels of fumes emanating from foam insulation, either by sealing in the fumes or by increasing home ventilation. The program's target is the reduction of formaldehyde concentrations of 1.1 parts per million—will be too high, according to some scientists.

The cheap chemical remedies appear to be far more effective, yet they were passed over by federal authorities. One product already in wide use as a neutralizer of ethylene gas in shipments of fresh fruits and vegetables—methyl-guanidines in 0.05 doses of the parts per million in a house tested by a Montreal independent laboratory, Warnock Hervey Ltd. The air filter containing granules of potassium permanganate and alumina is to be marketed next month by Hotel Chimie Inc. of Montreal. The other product, a secret formula to be distributed in the winter of 1985, is already being manufactured by Wakar Industries Ltd. of Burnaby, B.C. Wakar Industries' Safe-T-Air reduced levels in a test home to 0.61 from 2.25 ppm after six days of use. In both cases, formaldehyde concentrations returned to their former levels when the neutralizing agents were removed from the homes.

Brief Chemicals President Charles Beyer offers his phone bills as evidence that in mid-December he volunteered his product for testing to the National Research Council and the consumer and

corporate affairs department, which administers the foam program. He was rebuffed. Says Beyer: "It's only a waste of time trying to deal with them."

A surprisingly similar tale is told by Sam John, an entrepreneur. Gerry Webster who, in November, tried personally by telephone and through a personal visit to Ottawa to have government authorities evaluate Safe-T-Air. "We thought the government would jump at this," he says. "But it just turned its back." The experiences of both men seem to back claims by the government's foam information center that it is eager to find new cures for the problem. Requests by

els in 2,000 homes for the federal government—Warnock Hervey chemical Ltd. Since last week. "It's only effective—70 like to use one of these tubes in every house, whether insulated with urea-formaldehyde or not."

The tube was later tested in the four-enclosed Montreal house of Mr. Bernard Dubois, where formaldehyde levels averaged 65 ppm—less than the government program's threshold level but still high enough to have caused the Dubois family to complain of weight loss, recurring fevers and throat irritations. Within three days, the single tube had reduced levels to 0.65 ppm in the three rooms monitored. Formaldehyde concentrations returned to 65 ppm once the tube was taken away. Dubois reported "a definite improvement" in health and "a feeling of security" when the tube was present. Hotel says two or three tubes could be required to neutralize the gas in an average house.

Both chemicals remain would appear to be cheaper and more effective than the government's current program to contain or dilute formaldehyde gas. The government's hesitancy on the chemicals is reminiscent of the original testing oversight that caused the asbestos fumes to be installed in the first place. And that is perhaps the most disturbing aspect of all.

—BRIAN CHEN



Chemist John Y. Li like to use one of these in every home

Wakar's to federal officials for assessment on the two products went unanswered last week.

Webster's formula was developed by Atlantic Analytical Services Ltd. specifically to correct the insulation problem and it will not harm about \$100 a year. Hotel's product, on the other hand, has been used for two years to delay the ripening of fresh produce in transit. It was a health that Hotel decided to use whether its alkylperoxyl granules would neutralize formaldehyde. After being turned away by Ottawa, Hotel submitted patent papers claiming the substance as a product for testing to the National Research Council and the consumer and

Exacting the last kilo of flesh

Half a century ago, Fred Green's customers were also as twitchy about the \$14.95-a-pound price tag on his smoked salami. Now he is worried about what they will think of his new \$29.97-a-kilogram sign. In Parkville, a Vancouver Island community where gourmet restaurants are the main occupation, rather Madison arranged a counter of metric oranges and laments. "It was all done too soon. It's the pits." Ottawa's ice store owner Bill Willis, snarling from the \$26.80 he had tagged on acid conversion, agrees. Heed: "There's just a 4.5-oz good thing about 4.7." In grocery shops across the land, variations on the same theme were played out last week as, once by once, the imperial system of measurement had its scales tipped by the federal government's new laws.

Canada has been officially metric since Britain signed the Treaty of the Metre in 1873. But neither the kilogram nor the litre, not even the metre or the inch, escaped a conservative of space. "In order to be a unit of measure, it has to be in the million metres, a kilo equals 100 million metres."



Willis exploring changes to Marco Guelin taped by the government's iron thumb

within the national measurement until 1970—the year that the Liberals passed a whole paper recommending that Canada adopt the Système International for all things measurable. The justification given was the future of the country's export trade. As the Canadian Metric Commission was first of reporting, in a world soon to be 88 per cent metric, imperial-based Canadian industry would find itself in company with the leaders of North Yemen.

For the past 19 years, Canadians have largely fallen into the familiar American way of measuring a "Meatman's Market" campaign and forced the metric government to back off in 1976. But as

conversion to 21 cent from Victoria in St. John's were thrust into the face of metropolitan—while will not the \$20,000 retail grocery outlets across the country advertising, weighing and selling everything from apples to cucumbers in metric by the end of 1983—porkers (well, certified of resistance remained. Hazel White, a 70-year-old Dartmouth, N.S. resident overhauled with the new scales at her Dominion store, was typical. "I don't pay any attention to the new system because I can't figure it out," she said. "The old way was just fine." But according to Ken Gault, president of the Canadian Federation of Retail Grocers, an association that lobbied the federal government to keep it would abandon conversion, the real screams of pain have only begun.

"You can ignore the way we do the weather forecasts or the price at the gas pump," he says, "but everybody else. People will have to become involved in metric now, and they are not going to like it."

Retailers are less concerned by nostalgia than by the cost of conversion—both for themselves and their customers. Many grocers surely do not believe the \$25-million figure proffered by Pat Conaghty, executive director of the Metric Commission, as the total price. Tim Carter, general manager of the Retail Council of Canada's food division, estimates the figure at \$100 million. Dominion Stores alone expects the costs of new equipment, conversion and staff retraining to reach 18 million. Len Welch, a Peterborough, Ont. grocer, had to borrow \$6,000 to convert his equipment three years ago when the city became a testing area for the new system. "That's a big chunk of my profit," says Welch. "And there are thousands of other small businesses that are across

Protester in Ottawa: no 20 hour days



the country who can't afford to do it."

The Canadian public picked up the tab in 1978 for changing highway signs across the nation and will get stuck for the latest conversion to itself. Keith Schneider, an expert of consumer affairs for Leblond, admits that "the cost of metric will become the operating costs of the company, which will in turn affect the price of food." Says Ottawa's owner Bill White: "Who else but the consumer are going to be forced to pay for that? The whole thing is absurd."

And overall, the question being asked is: Why? The government ignored petitions from 20,000 grocers, policy papers from the chains and even Ottawa's own Working Group on Scale, which recommended that metric conversion be halted until Canada's biggest trading partner, the United States, goes some indication of similar change. Grocer lobbyist Ken Gault is not alone in feeling that "there was nothing of democracy in what happened."

At least the last metric surprise has been sprung. Commerce public relations officer Peter McCullough promises that it will ignore the proposal of Indian Airforce Lt. Maj. Shaban Viji, who wishes to create 20-hour days and 768-hour years. McCullough is similarly unimpressed by the idea of metric colonies, wherein such hard laws as napkins and decibels, National Lampoon predicts, will make everyone "look like a French alpha bird on a cross-country duty." Pledges McCullough: "We are not out to change the globe." It warns the kids a little too late.

With files from Anne Irvine, Peter Corbett, George, Scott Doughty and Don Dugan.

Edmonton converts: screens of pain





Schmidt with Reagan, a familiar complaint about lack of prior consultation, but a new diversity of viewpoints among the allies

WORLD

Bitterness clouds a U.S.-German accord

By William Lotherer

The weather was cold and damp as U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig breakfasted on fruit, toast and eggs with visiting West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. But inside Bonn House, where the government usually hosts visiting foreign leaders, enough heat was generated to melt inks in the carefully constructed muddy haze of U.S.-German accord over the Polish crisis. On at least one occasion, voices were raised as the two men argued bitterly over Haig's insistence that West Germany was not reacting strongly enough to Gens. Wojciech Jaruzelski's declaration of martial law.

The Haig-Schmidt meetups threatened to prevent the achievement of a consensus on the Polish crisis at this week's meeting of NATO foreign ministers in Brussels. And at week's end, U.S. officials in Athens were laboring to figure another link in NATO unity: the reluctance of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu to counterbalance any criticism of the Soviet Union for involvement in the Polish crisis. Last week, Papandreu fired Deputy Foreign Minister Aristides Petrides for suggesting to such criticism in a sharp European Community statement on Poland.

But it was Haig's dispute with Schmidt that gave Washington the greatest cause for alarm. The confrontation came at the conclusion of a visit so which the German chancellor had

more than one seemed ill at ease. Schmidt and President Ronald Reagan seemed to get along as well as ever, and Washington commentators hailed as a consensus. Schmidt's willingness to name the Soviets as having pressured the Polish authorities to take their repressive measures (a December West German parliamentary resolution had blamed only "internal interference.") But while praising Reagan's common sense as "clear-headed and logical" in Moscow, Schmidt took time out to tell the Senate foreign relations committee of his apprehension that Washington had, as so often in the past, not consulted properly before applying them.

Haig's breakfast onslaught, apparently designed to soften up Schmidt in advance of Monday's NATO ministerial talks, seemed to aggravate the German leader's sense of grievance. Washington's view, Haig said, was that Schmidt was threatening NATO's foundations by not reacting strongly enough. And he raised the specter of a blacklist in Congress that might lead to the withdrawal of the 300,000 American troops in Europe. In response, the angry chancellor raised two topics that had been excluded, because of their prickliness, from earlier discussion at the White House. While Washington refrained from halting shipments of wheat to the Soviets for fear of angering its farmers, he charged, it could scarcely suggest that West Germany should withdraw from its gas pipeline deal with Moscow.

Haig's message to Schmidt recently cited of previous differences of opinion between Washington and the German allies, as well as Canada, over the Soviet response to a whole series of recent challenges—from the U.S. latest crisis to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. On each occasion the charge of lack of consultation has been leveled. Said a European expert at the Brookings Institute, "For some years now the United States has confused consultation with consultation. Our perceptions seem to think it's enough to tell the allies a day or two before The New York Times finds out. It's not enough."

For its part, the Canadian external affairs department, noting "a certain ideology" on the part of the Reagan government, said Ottawa was against the idea of matching U.S. sanctions. A European Community aide in Brussels reflected, like Schmidt, that "we haven't seen Washington, far all its shouting, taking any sanction that would remotely hurt the American economy."

In Warsaw itself last week, Archbishop Józef Glemp, the Polish primate, was unusually outspoken in his condemnation of the harsh crackdown. Before a packed congregation in St. John's Cathedral, he castigated official measures to get workers to toe the line by making them sign loyalty pledges. And he condemned the shooting of workers by martial law forces. At the same time, the official death count under military rule was revised upward to 18. A statement

said that more than 160 people had been jailed for violations of emergency laws and that another 3,000 had been arrested. That was in addition to the 3,000 officially said to have been held in the initial roundup—church services put the figure at 25,000. Meanwhile, the student union associated with Solidarity was banned, and a huge food price increase was decreed, while Solidarity leader Lech Wałęsa was said to be taking food only from his family. It was alleged that Wałęsa's earlier hunger strike was due to his refusal to eat food from any other source because he had been drugged by authorities.

If anything changes the minds of Washington's NATO allies on sanctions it will be the continuing reports of domestic repression in Poland. But these are unlikely to be heard until as early as next week's NATO meeting. At week's end, Haig himself acknowledged the fact. "I hope the meeting will produce a robust, vigorous and realistic common assessment," he said. "But I don't expect a uniform consensus." NATO member had "different sets of problems." In Canada's case, these are economic as well as political (page 34).

If there is no easing of the situation by the end of the month, however, the story may be different. European Com-



With Haig, the smiles faded and tempers flared during breakfast

munity officials last week were laying plans for a mix of sanctions and inducements that might influence the situation.

One sanction being considered was the raising of trade barriers against one-third of the community's imports from the Soviet Union while leaving vital commodities such as oil and natural gas alone. On the positive side was West German "economic aid" from the German "Foreign Ministry." Hans-Di-



Polish fishermen: their resolve is willing

the resolve of some sailors who had already done so was willing. One of the fishermen—from the Perla—actually went back to his ship when he realized it would be years before he saw his family again. Others are warning, realizing they will have to deal with unemployment and inflation in Canada, too, but in a new language this time.

Apart from defectors, the Polish seamen's only protest so far has been to wear armbands displaying the red and white national colors of Poland. That was about as far as they could go in a "neutral strike" since a refusal to work is an outright violation of the laws of the sea.

trick Grenacher's offer of "neutral" "neutral help." If Poland returned to the path of reform. The community hawks on sanctions are Britain, Italy and France (which, last week, was reported as the point of no-surrender) participation in the Siberian pipeline deal. West Germany, the Netherlands and Belgium were among members who would agree to such measures only with reluctance.

The speculation in Brussels was that Haig, who has scheduled a major foreign policy speech there for early next week, intended to release the reports purporting to prove the containment of disguised Soviet troops in the Polish crackdown. The European intelligence community, though aware of such reports, has tended up to now to discount them.

Wapping the alliance into line with the United States by one means or another would result in a substantial diplomatic coup. But, as a Danish diplomat in Brussels said, it might not affect the central issue. "The problem," he stated, "is not NATO unity or not. It is a crisis. What is happening in Warsaw today. That is something that our leave words will not change."

With Kiriakos in Moscow, Alex Zep in Athens, Peter Louiza in Brussels and Joe Macnamara in Paris.

A choice some sailors regret

There are six of them now in Vancouver harbor, rusty white ships of the Polish fishing fleet with such names as Perla, Delta and Regulus. They are filled with men who at one time were part of a large fleet of boats that sailed for years in the Polish fishing fleet. Now, they are in the streets of the city, but some martial law was declared in their country on Dec. 13, they find themselves under military scrutiny. The shabby docks where the ships are berthed look like a scene of a battle, with the smoke of several demonstrations by Polish-Canadian against the military regime. And the fishing crews have been urged to defect, to join the ships in the name of Solidarity, the Polish union, and to refuse to sail from the harbor.

Over Christmas dinner in the homes of Vancouver's Polish community, the decision to jump ship seemed easy and a lot of 86 men showed up at a recruitment office. To work as a sailor, the defections had almost stopped and

interpreted as mutiny under international law.

The B.C. Federation of Labor is watching the thin line the sailors must walk between protest and mutiny. Industrial unionism must not be used as a pretext to support the crews if they protest a strike and hang signs over the sides of the ship. To avoid charges of mutiny, the seamen must continue to work. But with all the protests and signs, it is becoming the "solidarity" of the ship would be unable to leave Vancouver.

Fearing strike action, the Polish ships are likely to sail within the next two weeks for fishing grounds off the coasts of Mexico and South America. The 40 ships in the Polish fleet anchor off in the Gulf of Alaska but the United States closed the area to Polish and Soviet fishing boats following Warsaw's military crackdown. As a result, the crew will lose most of the \$16.5-million the Fisheries and Oceans department has paid them.

"Everyone notices the increase in desertions," said Justin Nakas, a member of a maritime front which disperses money from Poland to the fishing fleet. "But the big impact on the city is going to come from the closure of the fishing waters."

—NORMAN GRAY

The Pope's PLO connection

After Jamil Aylid does not look like an international link man. His frail, swayed figure has become well known in Beirut only because his fey, black-cloaked and gold-trimmed robes are conspicuous in the Lebanese capital's Muslim sector. Every morning he walks the war-pocked streets to celebrate mass for a handful of Catholics at the local convent. What is little known, however, is that Aylid then goes on to his second full-time job, serving as a key link in the developing relationship between the men in the bunker buildings of the Vatican and those in the PLO's shabby high-rise headquarters in Beirut.

The seriousness of one of the world's oldest friendships became strikingly clear last week. Israeli Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir made a hurried trip to Rome—some months after he originally sought repatriation. And the visit was a clear indication that the Israelis and the five accredited Jewish "observers" at the Holy See are deeply concerned, and angry, that Pope John Paul II has made the Palestinian problem a priority of his papacy. Not only that, the pontiff is personally directing a shift in policy and opening a direct dialogue with Palestinian officials.

Indeed, relations between the Vatican and Israel have never been "warm." The Israeli charge that Pope Pius XII actively avoided the long Turkish withdrawal during the war, and there was no formal meeting between Pope Paul VI and former prime minister Golda Meir in 1973.

Kaddouri: claims of Vatican 'solidarity'



The Pope with Shamir's aide is engaged by Rome's dialogue with the PLO

However, John Paul's background—his long underground for nine months in 1943 as the Nazis hunted him for helping Jews and other minorities—aroused hopes for change. But observers believe that muted Shamir received a papal nudge in these issues, the recent assassination of the Golden Light—the subject of a Syrian call for sanctions on the United Nations last week, the decision to make Jerusalem Israel's "eternal and united capital," and the flight of Christians from Israel.

At the same time, the Shamir visit came amid talks about a possible meeting between the Pope and Yasser Arafat, whose emergence as a dove and a diplomat since the July cease-fire in Lebanon last year has improved the climate for such a controversial encounter. In fact, preparations for a papal-PLO meeting have been under way for some time. It began with an exchange of letters in 1978, followed later that year by a low-profile meeting, during the pontiff's visit to Turkey, with PLO representative Abu Fares.

Already, the ties between the PLO and the Vatican are strikingly close. In 1980, a key Arafat aide, Ali Safa, who is a Catholic, delivered an invitation to the Pope from his Muslim home to lead Palestinians back to their homeland in the event of a settlement. Wrote Arafat, on his journey, but "in some manner." Please permit me to dream that I am seeing you going to Palestine and Jerusalem, surrounded by re-

turning Palestinian refugees carrying olive branches and spreading them at your feet." The two men also now exchange messages on holy days. Arafat met the Pope at Christmas and, and the Palestinians said they received a papal greeting on the occasion of the Prophet Muhammad's birthday.

But it was a meeting last spring between PLO Foreign Minister Fawaz Kaddouri and Vatican Secretary of State Agostino Cardinal Casaroli that alarmed the Israelis most. Church insiders described it as "fairly successful and meaningful." Kaddouri claimed that the Vatican expressed "solidarity" with the PLO cause.

At that, the Israeli foreign ministry promptly registered its "astonishment and regret." But Israel's condemnation is not likely to have much impact. Besides the Vatican-PLO tie, there are several other diplomatic channels. One-quarter of all Palestinians are Christian. Even more important, 30 per cent of the PLO members are also Christians. There are Christians, many of them Catholics, in leadership positions in all eight factions of the guerrilla movement.

A Palestinian state would form an important link between Christians and Muslims in the Middle East. Indeed, the Holy See encourages the activities of such men as Aylid, says a Vatican scholar, because it understands the potential importance of the Palestinian at many levels—including the mitigation of ancient Christian-Muslim animosities. "That does not mean the Vatican or the Pope is ready to embrace the PLO. In fact, he has had a hard time convincing conservative members of the Curia to support him," the scholar explained. But a political pragmatist, the pontiff believes the church must face up to "reality." And despite Shamir's wish, that is perceived as involving the creation of a Palestinian state.

—ROBERT WAGNER in Beirut

Building an accord upon the Rock

Tears of joy and tremors of alarm greeted last week's announcement by Prime Minister Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo that Spain's 13-year-old blockade of Gibraltar will be lifted. Most of the 13,500 permanent inhabitants (the total population, including British servicemen, is 20,000) were pleased that the long siege was over, not the least because many have relatives across the border. But their relief was mingled with concern that Britain may fold sovereignty over the colony that it seized from the Spanish 123 years ago. Talks on the 24-square-mile territory's future are scheduled for later this year.

Warned by his fiancée in snowbound London by Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, Calvo Sotelo promised to safeguard Gibraltar's interests. But he also reflected that Spain wanted recognition of its national integrity. Said pro-British Joe Bouzina, ferry chief of Gibraltar's Transport and General Workers' Union: "Thatcher and Calvo Sotelo can talk 'til they're blue in the face, but the people are prepared to take to the streets."

Nevertheless, seems to Spain will help an economy threatened by cuts in defense spending. Britain's canal prize won on the Rock costs \$60 million a year, and the London-based firm contracted with a strike protesting against a planned dockyard shutdown that will eliminate 2,000 jobs. On the other side of the frontier, too, the ending of the blockade on April 26 will start the start of a new era. Besides the jobs, the tastes of the towns of La Linea have already migrated to London in search of work. But the townfolk are now touring on an influx of tourists and free-spending Gibraltarians. The town's smallest mayor, Juan Carrasco, has even greater hopes. "I am convinced," he said last week, "that when the frontier opens, within 20 years Gibraltar will be Spanish—without British or party—because those people are more Spanish than English."

The future of the naval base will be a key point in the talks. Spain, keen to enter NATO, wants to take over control. As for the sovereignty issue, British may wish to satisfy Spanish nationalism. But Joshua Haines, chief minister of the colony that wants the colonizers to stop, fervently defends his people's right to self-determination. But he also declared last week, "I'm not afraid of a dialogue, and this is a great opportunity to begin one."

—DAVID BAIRD



Gorbachev with Thatcher: the differences will be debated in Geneva

U.S.A.

A new venue for the battle

By Michael Posner

With a clash of pens and a flourish of rhetoric, the long-gestating war is Canadian-American affairs or heating up again. Last week, the Reagan administration told Ottawa it will seek consultations in an international forum to discuss its longstanding objection to Canada's Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA). Washington had it now intends to take the dispute to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade in Geneva (GATT). The notification follows a sharp exchange of letters between William Brock, the U.S. special trade representative, and Allan Gotlieb, Canada's newly appointed ambassador to the U.S.

Brock's message mentioned American over-objections about FIRA and the National Energy Program (NEP). The administration insists that both policies discriminate against U.S. firms and are thus inconsistent with Canada's obligations under GATT. Brock, one of the hardest-line critics of GORE, wanted to know what steps Ottawa would be taking to meet these concerns.

Gotlieb's response was firm and to the point: there would be Gorbachev conclusions revised

no further concerns. The Trudeau cabinet had already offered two other branches in Washington. Last fall's budget had incorporated plans for expanding FIRA's mandate to limit. And the government said it had no intention of applying the principles of the NEP to other resource sectors—a particularly thorny prospect for U.S. companies. If the administration believed Canada stood in violation of the GATT accord, Gotlieb suggested, then GATT was the place to lodge and settle the grievance.

By itself, the U.S. decision to follow the GATT procedure in handling Ottawa's trade dispute with Canada's FIRA, a signatory may represent private negotiations with another active trade

or tariff practice. In the past two years, Ottawa has used the same process on at least four separate occasions, over to seek changes in U.S. policy. Significantly, the Reagan administration chose not to invoke Article 23, which would require a panel of outside experts to hear arguments and issue a ruling.

This is a measured and careful way to do business," says Bill Morison, U.S. special trade representative in charge of Canadian affairs. "We're attempting to resolve it quietly



We do not consider this action unconstitutional."

The Canadian Embassy promptly echoed that view. "The issue is not over," an official declared. "We've been arguing that this is in accord with our international obligations, and that mechanisms exist for resolving these differences." For his part, Canadian Industry Minister Herb Gray insisted at week's end that the U.S. action does not mark a deterioration in relations between the two countries. In effect, Ottawa is pleased that Washington has finally decided to invoke GATT.

Indeed, despite their stiff exchange of notes, Gellie himself spent a cordial 45 minutes with Brock last week, reviewing bilateral relations. His warm reception was an encouraging sign that the recent thaw in Canadian-American relations might hold for a while longer. Another was Brock's belated invitation to Canada to join this week's multilateral trade talks in Key West, Fla.—a session Ottawa was keen to attend.

"We're going to do more talking," says Trade Minister Ed Levesque. "We do \$100 billion in trade with each other. It's time to cut the rhetoric and deal with our problems."

Still, the GATT initiative is not an assurance that Ronald Reagan has rejected tougher measures. What to do about the stubborn Canadians remains very much a live topic in Washington, particularly on the commercial side of the executive branch, where corporate pressures are most intense. A cabinet council on trade and commerce met last week to review the Canadian situation, and, under Bush's chairmanship, a meeting of the interagency trade policy committee is scheduled this week. "It may," Merkle concedes, "discuss trade strategies."

Also acknowledging that the Trudeau budget deprived some of those free about the future of FIRA, American officials remain concerned about the agency's present powers. As for the National Energy Program, the implementing legislation fails to satisfy U.S. observers about the so-called grandfather clause, which permits Ottawa to claim retroactively a 50-per-cent share in oil and gas leases on Crown lands.

The Reagan administration is still thought to be seeking a suitable level of reciprocity—one that will send a trade signal to Ottawa without injuring its own interests. The Interior department is reviewing the 1928 Mineral Lands Leasing Act, under which foreign nationals must be excluded from acquiring wilderness rights in American firms are similarly excluded. "It would not be surprising to see some action there," one official says. "After all, if we don't enforce the law, we're guilty of malfeasance." ☐



A new scene showing Jesus on trial. "What's a Cecil B. deMille fairy tale."

The real word made flesh

Hollywood has been recognized the box office potential of the Bible, the world's number 1 best seller. Its pages, after all, chronicle the full range of human behavior. But despite such may subject matter as adultery and murder, the movie moguls' cinematic extravaganzas have owed more to the fertile imaginations of script writers than to scripture.

Not surprisingly, then, The Genesis Project, the latest biblical spectacular, is taking the world of scholarship by storm. It, too, involves a cast of thousands and a budget expected eventually to reach \$80 million. But it has a crucial added ingredient that has been missing from programs of biblical churches and apologetic authenticity. And so will have a total running time of three days and six hours. As Genesis spokesman Harry Benzel explained last week, "It isn't a Cecil B. deMille fairy tale. It is an attempt to reach the Bible word for word."

The project is the brainchild of British film producer John Heyman, better known for such hits as *Murder on the Orient Express* and *Shogun*. Heyman's goal is to film the entire Bible in 20- to 25-minute segments by 1995 for distribution to schools, libraries and religious institutions around the world. Since 1974, when he founded up enough corporate backers who shared his own awe at nature's moral clarity to begin filming, he has managed to complete work on *Genesis* and *Luke*. But the filming, which is being done on location in the Holy Land under the scrutiny of 325 experts in everything from archaeology to scripture, has been plagued by

enough problems to test the patience of Job.

Heyman was ready for such cinematic challenges as depicting creation by animation and turning Lot's wife into a pillar of salt. But what was the beginning? On the first day of shooting a scene on Cain's murder, a torrential downpour washed away the offering of fruit and vegetables. The next day dawned dry and sunny. But when the scene was reborn, a *Trifid* scholar objected to the presence of a scorpion tree in the background. Such trees were not introduced to the region, he pointed out, until the late 19th century.

There were also problems with casting. Although an actor for the patriarch Abraham was easy to find—the



Heyman: the patience of Job

actor is Chaim Topol of *Fiddler on the Roof*—Heyman had to scour Israel, Egypt and Iran for another 2,000 actors. Not only did they have to have "3,000-year-old faces," they had to be fluent in ancient Hebrew, Coptic, Greek and Aramaic (the films come with explanatory subtitles). Next, the 12 apostles were to arrive over a coast-of-Ireland class in their own right.

Even worse was the difficulty of filming a scene in which Jesus (played by British actor Bruce Devenez) orders demons into a herd of swine, sending them into a wild stampede. Not to be stopped by a band of angry peasants brought from local Arab farmers, Heyman got them drunk on beer, then drove them to the top of a hill where an explosion was to be set off. Unfortunately, one of the pigs fell into the device, blowing itself up, but the explosion sent its companions running down the hill on its own.

Although Heyman's efforts have earned the acclaim of Jewish and Christian leaders of all denominations, the financial rewards have been disappointing. The production company has sunk more than \$67 million into the project while earning only \$1.2 million in sales. Still, Heyman remains undeterred. "I've only just begun," he said last week. "The only thing that will stop me is death." Now are the 38 corporate investors, one of them from Canada, "bucking at the poor rate of return on their investment? But then, perhaps they, as well as Heyman, are seeking a higher reward. As C.B. Williams, executive president of *The Genesis Project*, explained, "These people have done well in the world and want to contribute something to society." —JAMES PLOCHER

"King of the Hill" film, Canadian film, First City Financial Corp. Ltd., Frederic McCreight, Justice Associates Ltd. and Thompson Brothers.

A shake-up that may not be over

The moment was as embarrassing for Ronald Reagan as it was for the hapless and retired actor from his desk in the Oval Office. Despite an unmistakable signals that the president viewed Richard Allen as a political liability and wanted his resignation as national security adviser, Allen was asking him for another year to stay the job. It didn't take long—four minutes to be exact—for Reagan to set Allen straight by telling him that he was out of a job.

With Allen's resignation last week, a protracted and noisy episode in White House politics drew to a close. But at week's end, the turmoil within the presidential staff was far from over. Follow-



Clark (above) and Allen: a controversial resignation of power among the staff



A shake-up that may not be over

ing the appointment of William P. Clark, formerly deputy secretary of state, as Allen's replacement, speculation was growing that Edwin Meese, the White House executive and Michael Deaver, deputy chief of staff, would have by year's end.

A few's demise was due not so much to the fact that he had accepted gifts from Japanese journalists and businessmen (which he was cleared of wrongdoing) as it was to a personality clash with Secretary of State Alexander Haig and

a reputation as a poor administrator. But such postmortem analyses were quickly eclipsed by the controversy over Clark's terms of reference.

Now, unlike Allen, who reported to Meese, Clark will deliver daily briefings to the president, giving the senior executive influence. The trouble is that unlike such predecessors as Henry Kissinger and Jeane Kirkpatrick, Clark knows very little about foreign affairs. During Senate confirmation hearings last year his ignorance gained him international notoriety. For one thing, he did not know the names of the leaders of South Africa or South Africa. For another, he was apparently unaware of a major news story of the time—the split in the British Labour Party.

Still, Clark earned a reputation as a rising influence and is credited with greatly improving morale. That record clearly motivated the favorable impression

Clark made on Reagan while serving from 1986 to 1988 as his chief of staff at the California governor's office. In his new post, however, Clark's talents as a quiet mediator will face their greatest test yet. He will be required to mediate the politeness of the state department, the CIA, the Pentagon and his own staff.

For that role, already perceived as a substantial official post. It "Clark continues in adopting the president's view and trying to think through an issue from that perspective." Insiders are optimistic about his ability to smooth relations with Meese, who will lose his foreign policy function and is reportedly upset at the prospect. Worse, the White House was looking to the press last week that "Ed wanders all over the place and does nothing."

Clark and Deaver, "hardly and" supporters? Observers were quick to spot a high-level intrigue to oust Meese—a theory backed by reports that Nancy Reagan and Chief of Staff James Baker were pressing for his appointment as attorney general. As for the future, he announced that he intends to resign before the year is out to run for political office in California. In his case, at least, Reagan seemed likely to be spared a reprieve of his painful interview. —WILLIAM LUTHER in Washington

Just another turn in the circle

By Thomas Hopkins

A year ago, last spring, \$4,000 CASH packages a month were delivered overseas. But the recipients were not the war-torn of Chad or Bangladesh, they were the already rich and the very young and healthy. Poland with fertile soil, huge oil reserves and skilled labor, Poland in the early 1970s enjoyed tremendous industrial growth. It appeared wealthy and secure. Today, it is the sick man of Europe. Inflation is rampant, borrowing has made its discouraging economy the hunk bed for its political misfortune. In the past decade, Poland's 25 million people have watched as their dollars became worthless and their corresponding debt to Western countries climbed to more than \$25 billion (U.S.).

Communist banks and government agencies, owe some \$14 billion (U.S.) to the beleaguered Poles, an untold patiently. Last spring, as Poland stumbled closer toward default, the Canadian government joined some 20 other creditor countries in a four-year deferral of Poland's 1981 current debt to foreign governments. In June, Poland's \$41 million Canadian loan rose to \$55 million (U.S.) and this week, saying they would defer \$2.4 billion (U.S.) until 1985 if the country paid the \$450 million (U.S.) interest owing by the end of 1981. In December, Poland said it needed a further \$250-million (U.S.) loan to pay the interest. The banks refused, plunging Poland into second default.

To file a mortgage default, a "sovereign debt" is a civilised nation. To that end, a steering committee of major lending banks met last week in London endorsed by the generally so "Poland now owe million (U.S.) in its external debts and \$1 billion (U.S.) in public bonds. The 1981 loan (U.S.) owes to the Export Development Corp. with the balance due to the Canadian Bank of Montreal.

seized "umbrella theory," which states that the Soviet Union and the countries in its sphere (which collectively owe an estimated \$60 billion (U.S.) to the West) cannot afford to have already tight Western credit endangered by a defaulting Poland. Bankers reason that the Soviet Union must bail Poland out. The theory was reinforced last week as hard currency, thought to have come from massive Soviet gold sales late in 1981, began trading out of

Poland to pay off selected creditors.

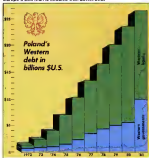
It is an economic circle that has been building. In 1970, the economy was stable and foreign debt a microscopic \$750 million (U.S.). Only after the catastrophic demand of then-party first secretary Edward Giermek in the early 1970s to industrialize using borrowed Western capital, did Poland's long night begin to descend. New Polish exports were targeted to pay for the credit binge, but following Western economic pressure in 1976 demand for Polish goods, and a disastrous 1976 deal with the Soviet Union—Poland's largest trading partner—set unfavorable exchange rates for Polish exports to Russia. Further, food harvests forced sharply increased and expensive food imports. An isolated Communist leadership, fearful of a population that had received very little freedom in the past, spent more than \$6 billion (U.S.) a year in food price subsidies. Rampant deficits and chronic domestic shortages resulted in the nationalization of 1980, and Western banks funded as Poland's request for a \$500 million (U.S.) loan by bank, pushing Greece to make good on that of that chase across the bank of Solvency.

The declaration of martial law has brought little relief. "You have to use your imagination to read everything positive into events in the last several weeks," says Kori von dem Hagen, Royal Bank of Canada economist, and former representative for Canada's six Polish creditor banks. The 1981 debt deferral agreement between Poland and the Western banks remains unsigned and rescheduling negotiations for the \$70 billion (U.S.) due in 1982 are also in limbo. This year's relatively good harvest and the expectation that U.S. sanctions will be more symbolic than threatening, the only two bright spots in the bleak economic picture.

In fact, the Canadian



Polish New miners' tear gas after martial law was imposed. Europe's sick man is assisted with Soviet debt



bank debt in Poland is relatively light at \$600 million (U.S.) (only a fraction of the \$120 billion (U.S.) that Canadian banks have at risk in the rest of the world.) Although Canadian bankers may become more cautious about the Eastern Bloc, foreign lending is often more profitable than domestic, and the banks are unlikely to abandon it because of Polish conservatism. The spectre of a major mortgage bank declaring a bid debt, for example, as seeing a Polish ship, thus setting up a disastrous domino effect of international default is unlikely. International banking is a sunset and declining club. "There are international procedures in place for dealing with situations like this," says William Brock, executive vice-president, international banking group for the Toronto Dominion Bank. "This process is in place once again. It may question for Western bankers is not if Poland will pay, only when."

Gearing up for a better future

The view from the upper floors of Ford's Canadian headquarters in Oakville, Ont.,—two sprawling factories sharing a curved, egg-shaped roof—should warm any industrialist's heart. Unfortunately for Kenneth Harrigan, who became Ford of Canada's chief executive officer last week, inside the buildings the assembly lines are dark, quiet and clogged with partly built cars and trucks.

A 38-year veteran of Ford, Harrigan steps into the top job amid unhappy times. Despite widespread assurances a year ago—that his predecessor, Roy Harris, ran things that the three-battled auto industry would turn around, Ford ended 1981 in the red. And it was the second successive losing year. Sales fell 12 per cent, three of eight facto-



Ford's Harrigan: economic recovery in United States would help

ries are on temporary shutdowns and 9,000 workers are on layoff. Not surprisingly, Harrigan's first stated goal is "to make some money."

It's a hopeful topic among North America's auto-makers, who in the past two years have suffered total losses of \$6.1 billion. Economic recovery in the depressed United States would help. That situation is closely watched at Ford of Canada, where about 80 per cent of production leaves Canada, most of it bound for the American market. Three 1981 sales dropped to their lowest level since 1973.

But while Harrigan hopes the U.S. picture will brighten, he claims that, even without a turnaround, Ford's Canadian operations may be modestly profitable this year. The plan goes a longer shot of the weak Canadian market.

It is a plan that Harrigan, 44, has had some time to work out. In contrast to his newly appointed counterpart at

General Motors of Canada, Donald Blackburn (Maclean's, Dec. 20, 1981), Harrigan was not chosen directly for his new job. Although he was made president last April, the chief executive officer's powers remained with the 52-year-old Bennett, who took on the title of chairman until his retirement at the end of the year. Bennett will be considering new job opportunities and board appointments after he returns from a vacation in Hawaii.

If there is any area Harrigan, a native of Chatham, Ont., knows, it's marketing. Bored with the closed job Ford gave him in Windsor, Ont., after he finished a training program for an inventory graduate in 1961, he asked for a change. Only days after his engagement to his future wife Ann, Harrigan found himself chosen into the field in Calgary as the company's "roadrunner," traveling among dealers in Alberta. It was the first of his moves with Ford. And except for his 1982 job as Alberta Sales

Canadian riggers look to Libya

When President Ronald Reagan learned that Libyan ambassador to Ottawa was planning for the next week to visit, top American officials, he ordered the U.S. Ambassador in Libya to return home and barred other U.S. citizens from traveling to Libya. For American oil companies, the order means that they have to find a replacement of new workers to man the Sahara Desert derricks dotting the oil-rich North African nation.

Many of the American workers have refused to leave and others are drifting back. But last week's ban on U.S. companies were quietly assuring Liby-

ans for replacements. With unemployment high in the Canadian oilpatch industry and the pressure caused by Arctic weather, the lure of lucrative salaries, lots of vacation time and 24°C temperatures led hundreds of oil workers to answer calls in Calgary and Edmonton.

Darrell Rude, 32, was one. Rude, who grew up on a Saskatchewan farm, walked into the \$200-a-day, 250-hour course of Calgary's Four Seasons Hotel looking for work, with about one, a Houston-dwelling and general contractor company. The firm went to Calgary to recruit 30 men for its own Tunisian operations and the operations of the National Drilling Co. of Libya. After President Ron G. Harris learned he was heading home, Rude's company was noted that "We're only recruiting Can-

adians and British now."

With 12 years of experience in the industry, including six months in Saudi Arabia, Rude is ready for anything. "If you're a rig-rat, you're after finding your ass off or getting it." If ATAR leaves him, he will earn \$2,000 a month as an assistant derrick operator. He is looking for rig managers, clerk to about \$4,200. Transportation is free the week schedule is 30 days on the job and 30 days off—all with pay—and a \$3,000 bonus for finishing a year's contract. Says Rude, "I don't really mind it. It's for the health. Money's a big factor. And you get an month's paid leave." In all, as many as 100 Albertans may soon be on their way to Africa. As with investment money or drilling rigs, manpower, it seems, is hard to be found.

—GORDON LEGG



Deimos, ancient year in the red

sales manager, it has been a smooth ride to the top through positions in six Canadian cities, sales supervisor in Australia and six years of postings in Europe.

While Japan's auto operations improved him, Harrigan is an outspoken critic. "They're like a bunch of geniuses," he declares. "They contribute nothing to the Canadian economy. Canada's economic health, he points out, continues to depend on governments prodding the Japanese carmakers to set up operations such as Volkswagen's recently announced here. (See *Auto* (Marion's) Oct. 26, 1983.)

Even so, he acknowledges that there is something to be learned from the Japanese—especially about labor relations. "We're working hard to increase employee participation and morale. There have been tough times for them," says Harrigan. That could all be at risk this year when contract negotiations begin between Ford of Canada and the United Automobile Workers. Harrigan says he hopes that the union will realize that some changes will be necessary to keep the company competitive. "That's our point of view." In short, that means keeping wage demands reasonable and trimming fringe benefit expenditures.

Meanwhile, Harrigan plans to grab a bigger share of the Canadian market by traditional methods. Ford will offer consumers more model choices, increase advertising and improve its dealer network. With one out of every seven Canadian workers in an auto-related job, Harrigan is not alone in his hopes that the assembly lines will soon begin chattering again. But so far, those hopes are still quieted.

—IAN AUSTIN

A return to those golden days

Some 400 km northwest of the railroad at Chibougamau, Man., a colorful opening rises out of the tundra. It is the Dallman Lake mine in the Northwest Territories' Kenoaish District and it represents an unprecedented joint venture between major people and traditional mining interests. And most week when the mine moves toward full daily production capacity of 300 tonnes, it will join a score of other small gold mines coming into production. At the same time, the big operations—Compo (Ed Lake and Dore)—are stepping up their output. While other base metal mines across the country are slowing down their operations, there is a new northern gold rush sparked by the 1980 rise in gold prices to an astronomical \$975 (U.S.). Even at the current price of \$406 (U.S.) most of the new operations are likely to be profitable.

The new rush is not exactly a frenzied Klondike rush. Instead, the assault has involved some novel financing as well as innovative environmental and labor arrangements in many parts of Canada. A typical case is that of Warren Armstrong, who is developing a mine in Quebec. In 1968 he realized that gold and fluor were the only two commodities selling at 1985 prices. "I had a feeling that gold had to come on," his partners

in finally being rewarded this month. A mine that he controls at Montreal Lake, Que. (400 km northwest of Montreal), is among numerous others that started following a 1980 share offering. The stock sale is one way to protect against future interest-rate hikes which could sap the some high-debt operations if gold drops below \$350 (U.S.). That is not a prospect that analysts claim is lightly of interest rates to 20 per cent, warns Donald Scott, gold analyst with Bell-Geoscient, "we're going to have some dead guys."

Still very much alive is the Inuit Development Corp. When IDC was offered 308,900 shares in Dallman, it was able to raise the necessary \$25 million from the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce by pledging its future stake as collateral. The unique deal began when IDC General Manager Eugene Levy approached Harbison Mining and Ore Group—which controls Coltman—to talk about supplying workers. The discussion soon moved to financing, and the result was the \$25-million contribution, as well as share shares in the future and an agreement to supply manpower. Says Harbison President Noble Harbison: "The IDC made a proposal that was every bit as good as what we were offering from the bank."

About 20 per cent of the 146 workers at the Inuit mine are Inuit. Employed with an initial mission, the IDC now hopes to supply native workers to Compo. Ltd.'s recently completed Polaris base-metal mine on Little Current Island. The IDC—since 1979 the pre-mining arm of an Inuit lobby group, the Inuit Tapscott (Brotherhood) of Canada—also operates a hotel and owns three office buildings in the North Bay (IC President Tapscott Carley: "We have to take a strong stand and get involved in northern development. It's becoming impossible to subsidize oneself solely on hunting and fishing."

—IAN AUSTIN and JAMES COLLENDHAM



Coltman mill worker Michael Tulogak (above), Dallman Lake Mine in Quebec



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COVER The CBC's daring new gamble

By Mark Czarnecki

For 36 years, the bedtime ritual of millions of Canadians has reinforced the CBC national news at 11 p.m. But times change and *The National* is no exception. Starting this week, viewers can catch the CBC news at 10 p.m. instead of the usual 11 p.m. as part of the boldest programming move in the corporation's history. Knowledge Week, with its bland good looks will still be there. But gone are the computer blueps, replaced by a frisky musical introduction and shimmering silver letters. Even more radical, at 10:55, Barbara Frum of one-radio fame, with co-host Mary Lou Frisby, will invite viewers into *The Journal*, the outlet's current affairs program ever produced by the network.

With two momentous throws of the dice, the CBC has signaled the longest-running program in North America and

would it to 36 minutes of high-voltage current affairs daily. There is no doubt the package is the CBC's biggest gamble. At stake are not just the reputations of a handful of top CBC newsmen, but the very existence and success of the CBC. The network is risking all by gifting an hour of sensationalist Canadian content against popular U.S. sitcoms and movies in the peak of prime time. These are not just new programs. As Frum says, "This will be an institution—the rightly informative package the CBC will put out as long as there's a CBC. We've got to give Canadians what they've deserved all along but never had." Adds Mike Duganoff, head of news and current affairs, "If the new *National* and *The Journal* fail, it won't be the key element in top management thinking was wrong. It will be much worse than a body blow to the CBC—it will be more like a 'noo'."

On paper the move looks good. It enables the network to stick its two solid

trumps—an excellent track record in news and current affairs, which stretches back to the golden era of *This Hour Has Seven Days*, and the insatiable appetite of today's radio and television audiences for just this kind of program. In the United States, information shows are the hottest items on television, and two American networks are considering an hour long package similar to the CBC concept. The peppy CBC current affairs show 60 Minutes regularly competes with *60 Minutes* for number 1 ratings.

At the same time, interest is high in *Grande* for Canadian-produced news. Sixty-two per cent of the total broadcasting time devoted to news in Canada is in series, and it attracts 89 per cent of the news viewers. Experts can only speculate on the contemporary fascination with news. For her part, Trina McQueen, assistant director of network programming, expects that in troubled and confusing times, "listening to the

news is a way of finding out whether you're safe or not. People have a fundamental curiosity about facts—the latest form is gossip, the highest is history and somewhere in between is the news."

Resigning *The National* to keep pace with the competition at 11 was long overdue (Duganoff calls its old incarnation "stagnant and technologically outdated"). But *The Journal* has become without question the most controversial program the CBC has ever produced. Many details about the show—including its budget, rumored to be anywhere from \$7 to \$10 million—have been shrouded in secrecy. Gaming access to its chief architects and facilities makes rubbing Fort Knox seem like amateur prize snatching.

Beer criticizing the CBC is second only to hockey as the favorite national sport, especially for those who hold the network's purse strings, the commissioning editors. It is not surprising. The very face of *The Journal*'s entrance is, first in itself and eloquent testimony to the diplomatic skills of Peter Herdend, 41, corporate vice-president and general manager of the English-language division.

A tall, balding Dutch uncle of an en-

slaved guy, a universally acknowledged gift for matching jobs to talent, Herdend is typical of several hard-driving newsmen who have crunched to the top of the CBC hierarchy in recent years. He is also the only CBC employee ever paid to attend the Harvard School of Business, and the investment has obviously been worth it.

Herdend and Duganoff started putting together the teams for the new package two years ago. *The National*, under Executive Producer Tony Bertram (himself a media prodigy at 20), maintained the status quo with Nash, but changed 75 per cent of its national correspondents. To make up *The Journal*'s 30-member staff, CBC-Radio was plundered for Sunday Morning Magazine Producer Mark Starover. At 38, Starover has already transferred that program and *As It Happens* into the crown jewels of the network. Along with him came a legion of *Sunday Morning* editorial and production staff. From left, As It Happens, and Frisby was enticed away from CTV's *Line Up* by former *National* anchorman Peter Kent, returned from NBC to do foreign documentaries. Among the newspaper columnists recruited was provincial political commentator Hugh Weson from

The Globe and Mail. The legendary Patrick Watson also agreed on to provide documentaries, as well as fulfilling his new duties as host for CNA Cable programming.

But despite the brilliance of this journalistic galaxy, *The Journal* has had severe staffing problems. Many perceived unfamiliar with television have been hired. Apocryphal stories abound about producers fresh and cheery from radio, asking cameramen to shoot special effects without lighting, and similar gaffes. Starover has a reputation as a demanding producer (he once said "The headquarters of *The Journal* is in a surplus"), and many prominent journalists have declined the high-flying salaries offered them. Personal sacrifices are the order of the day. The pace at *The Journal* is so hectic that most of the staff spent Christmas at work, including Kent, who spent it in Kampuchea.

Least content—on or off the show—are arid commentators who feel that Starover has not made culture a priority. As proof they point to the meagre fees offered freelancers for news flashes on a CBC correspondent. "It would be crazy for serious news reporters to go on the program until some major



From (above), Nash, the *Journal* control room what Canadians deserved all along



money is sent there was "Establishing the actual pecking order had its lighter moments, however. The idea of color-coded shirts to match job descriptions was seriously considered at one point, but later discarded as impractical.

The informative blizzard on The Journal extends to proposals of the package's ultimate fate as well. "Boy, I've never seen people hedge their bets so much around here," says Norm Garruck, assistant general manager of CBC television and one of the few top brass to express unqualified confidence in the move. The proverbial is "Give it time." Herndorf points out that good shows such as *Mill Street*, *Alban* and *Alban*—even heroes such as *Walter*—take years to establish themselves. Indeed, Herndorf regrets that one of his own earlier proposals, 30 Minutes East, with host Peter Gorenka, was cancelled too early. According to Herndorf, the new package will be given three years to evolve before make-or-buy decisions are made, a breathing space that will also apply to its architects and implementation. There will be no Freddie Silverstone-like firings in six months because The Journal has not crossed that line in the ratings.

On the contrary, as matters stand Herndorf could easily see the move broadening. Last year, he turned down an offer from a U.S. network that apologized for only being able to offer him \$100,000, nearly double his current CBC salary. Herndorf himself will leave in January for a top job with a Los Angeles-based news service.

Nobody has any illusions, however, about what this huge gamble means to the corporation itself. The resources are not hard to find. The fortunes of the CBC are at risk. The public image of CBC television has rarely been worse. CBC's share of the English-language audience has dropped from 30 per cent in 1987 to under 20 per cent and will fall even lower with the move to 18 p.m. A recent poll showed that 40 per cent of the respondents would say one of the CBC values outweighs. Says former CBCO David Harty, "The CBC is a tired—it lacks fire in its belly."

Parliament clearly agrees. And, with the late Judy LaMarsh's cries of "voter management" still ringing in their ears, politicians continue to express disapproval by cutting the CBC. Led by the openly hostile Quebec Liberal caucus, Parliament has reaped on a package of an annual real growth increase of

five per cent over five years for new programming. At the same time, the corporation is essentially under fire for not living up to its mandate to provide distinctive Canadian programming.

Since Parliament is unwilling to pay to maintain even current standards, the CBC has been forced to depend on commercials for 20 per cent of its revenues. But in doing so, the network undercuts its rationale for existing. U.S. shows are proven money winners, and the cinema chain for one-third of peak prime time from 8 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. But this means that the network's potential to attract audiences for as yet untold Canadian programs is severely compromised. This situation will quickly deteriorate when technological innovations such as broadcast satellites and home receivers make available 70 or 80 chan-

nel. A significant number can be viewed now from the other networks. The new National realistically expects to lose 100,000 of its on-airline viewers in the first three months. Currently on the 11 p.m. slot, Ontario-based Global TV's evening news started off in 1976 at 30 p.m., and "quite frankly, we started to die," says Global anchorman Peter Trueman. Toronto's CITY-TV, on the other hand, claims its *Capitol* news has done well in that slot.

Fewer audiences mean lower ad revenues—the new package will have only one commercial break during The Journal slot—and this has worried the CBC's 26 affiliate stations. Since they are solely dependent on commercials for revenues, they were understandably reluctant to give up a lucrative time slot for an unproven hour-long Canadian program.

After rebelling briefly this fall, Garruck appeared then temporarily with several sweeteners, including a guarantee to make up any shortfall in ad revenue below a specified maximum. Officially audited tips on budgetary matters have not stopped tongues from wagging about where the money for The Journal is coming from. With state-of-the-art video technology and color TV monitors ordered by the dozens, it is evident that no expense is being spared to make the show a success. However, when Parliament has not allocated additional funds for it, The Journal has become a "magnificent program," its entire budget dependent on advertising shows like *Newsman*, *Parade* and *The Watson Report*. As well, the network has had to sell extra commercial time to imported U.S. programs. (Not a desirable way to do it, but no one's had much choice," says Herndorf defensively.) Cuts in producer budgets on other programs and the disappearance of new initiatives on both radio and television have been blamed on The Journal.

When The Journal was first announced, it ran into major hurdles from the CBC's regional affiliates which feared that yet another Toronto network behemoth would drown away their barely afloat regional presence. CBC management has taken pains to reduce the language Regional initiatives will be facilitated by national TV systems which will simultaneously notify all network and affiliate stations of requests for programming from both The Journal and The National. When The Journal's producers and crews stationed in major regional centres are not



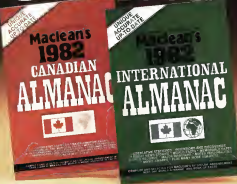
Pinkey establishing the internal pecking order

only, such competing for advertising revenues.

As a final symbolic indignity, delays continue as plans to consolidate the CBC's Toronto operations, currently spread out over 10 separate locations, from a former mosque to a next-door showroom. The logistical nightmare compounds significantly the inefficiency of which the CBC is constantly accused. Nothing highlights the importance of this new package more than the fact that the sets for The National and The Journal at the CBC's main downtown studios will not be recovered during the day to make room for The Friendly Giant or any other program.

The financial pro and cons of moving to an earlier hour have been debated endlessly. Although the potential viewing audience at 10 p.m. is 7.5 million compared to 4.4 million at 11 p.m. (graph, page 42), there is no guarantee

a matter of facts!



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working for the program, they will be available to local network stations. "It's not just as trying to be seen," says Sen. Senator Bob Chabert, who moved to *The Journal* after stints in Halifax and Winnipeg and is responsible for regional recruitment. "We have all that talent out there—why not use it?"

Nonetheless, some regional producers, such as Mary Terbach in Winnipeg, mention that established shows will be bumped out of the Thursday and Friday 10 o'clock slot (formerly allocated to local programming) and lose chunks of their audience.

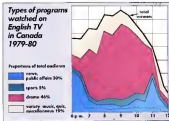
Much of the controversy surrounding *The Journal* and the new time slot for *The National* had been anticipated for years. The move was discussed at the CBC by Nash, among others, as far back as 1985. CBC President Al Johnson presented the idea to the board of governors in 1977, but, although it was approved in principle, the money and technology were not available. What galvanized CBC management into finally supporting the project, however, was the need for a last-ditch stand to—in Johnson's words—outpace Canadian "satellite" Canadian programming. "Basically, myself and I were actually reluctant to assume his current position and only did so because Herndon perceived him with a different vision of the CBC's future."

The whole was finally set in motion in the summer of 1979 when Stenowicz and the future heads of current affairs and news, Bill Morgan and Vince Carlin, were berated in a Toronto hotel room to hammer out a thorough reevaluation of CBC's information programming. In addition to improving *The National* week, they suggested *The Journal* as "a sober second look" at the day's events using on-the-spot newsreels complemented by in-depth documentaries.

A sharp vision decline is between *The National* and *The Journal* was predicted at that time, but every effort has been made at *The National* to put on



Stenowicz (left), Johnson (center), Herndon: creating the urban dominance of *The Journal*



members, a relief map of the world and a wondrous desk—abandoned after close re-lighting with CBC's office supplies department—were all intended to convey "a working environment, not just a studio set," according to Nash. An emphasis on top management, Nash knows his strengths and develops any planar that might occur to his position. "We want to bring variety, a sense of shaking the news, not just delivering it," he says. To provide continuity, the department responsible for *The National*'s new grey-and-beige sets, graphic designs and soundscapes created a complete environment for *The Journal*.

Producing over half as hour of consistently engaging current affairs programming five nights a week could be a challenge, and the biggest cause for the challenge was Stenowicz. When he talks about *The Journal* he sounds either reminiscent of Graham Spry, the father

of Canadian public broadcasting, whose portrait is enshrined on *The Journal*'s newsroom wall. For both men, and for many Canadians, the CBC is the major cultural force in the country, "the national stage," as Stenowicz puts it.

In Stenowicz's mind, the master plan for *The Journal* is very clear. "Any program except difficultly reduces to a terrible simplicity," says the seemingly confident workhorse who, braced into dark three-piece suits, rips off the fibers from his low-lar capriotes before lighting them. "As it happens was much then. Period. And do it by telephone. Stenowicz: Moving you are there. Take the machine and just go there. Moments of both sides are in *The Journal*," Stenowicz declares.

The technology enabling Fran and Finlay to interview people on the spot with both parties visible—the so-called "double-end"—is already used in CBC's current affairs program *Nightline* and, according to Stenowicz, it "breaks the dominance of the urban area and the demands of studio access." He adds "You can actually interview a felon on his last instant of drowning."

These favoring positions at their first—and to mention the luxury of a 40-hour week—need not apply to *The Journal*. Among the disaffected, Stenowicz is considered too ambivalent, arrogant and manipulative. To avoid overindulgence, a decision to which the city is particularly prone, he and Morgan favor the contract system rather than staff appointments wherever possible. "The strength of Mark's shows lies less in the idea than in the social dynamics behind them," says one CBC producer. "Nobody is allowed any security—there's always one less than that three are bad."

Nevertheless, the teams Stenowicz has put together for his radio shows are often "banged into a family," according to Stenowicz. Stenowicz, former editor of *Stenowicz Morning*. "It took me about three years to notice, but almost everyone at Stenowicz Morning was either

1967 to 1993. "I'm still feeling my way," Fran says. "It's a balance from radio in that the audience can see me and make some judgments. But for my part, it's mostly as it happens with pandora misap."

While *The Journal*'s production side is typified by state-of-the-art technology, its editorial wing is guided by what Stenowicz calls "editorial civil engineering." "A program should be designed so that it's never jeopardized by somebody having the idea," he says. "We're all interdependent parts, otherwise, you start creating a bureaucracy. Hence our open newsroom concept instead of the usual CBC arrangement of 300 little cubicles."



Journal newsroom: "the national stage"

in white one with a bit of *Nightline*. It is, in fact, a mix, with programming in essentially sitcom. And to some commentators, such as Frank Ogden, whose Vancouver-based Twenty-Five Century Media Communications keeps permanent records of newsreels, news and sitcom are not far apart. "North America is becoming a continent of news junkies," says Ogden. "The news has to be quick, palatable and easily digestible. It can't be too serious anymore. It's entertainment." Fortunately, Stenowicz and Berman will be spared the intense pressure applied to American network programming by the need to generate ad revenue, the dangers of succumbing to manipulative formulas will be more remote. "You don't have to be number 1," says Herndon. "We just want the new

National and *The Journal* to be consistently high quality, interesting and attractive." The ratings show that if the quality is good and the product is available, Canadian audiences will buy it.

The new *National* and *The Journal* hope to fulfil these criteria without the help of Parliament by demonstrating that sufficient amounts of money judiciously spent will produce superior results. If successful, they will push the Canadian people into finally authorizing the move it has hoped for decades: if they want quality Canadian programming, they have to pay for it. Can the public then force the government into acknowledging a duty to support the CBC in its mandate to "safeguard,



Journal newsroom: "the national stage"

and strengthen the cultural, political, social and economic fabric of Canada?" Can the corporation itself, though lacking fire in its belly, manage to stake up at least a glint in rays?

Al Johnson has insisted a concerted drive to focus the CBC's vision and best its role in shaping the national voice. The president's son from Saskatchewan has a message to convey well, with the CBC wallowing in a slough of despondency, mismanagement is not out of place. "It's not a question of the CBC changing by itself," says Johnson. "It must change to reflect this country more adequately. The Canadian soul is the most fundamental aspect of Canadian unity. We can have a Canadian constitution, we can have Canadian art, but without the Canadian soul, who are we?" The power behind that question is the man that has inspired the new *National* and *The Journal*. ☐

an eldest or only child, just like Mark. He knew, guilt-ridden contractors who have to work themselves to death to prove they merit."

The uniformity of such tightly knit human systems can be reflected in the programs themselves. Indeed, as it happens and Stenowicz Morning are often criticized for sounding the same from one show to the next. Both are based—in *The Journal*—on the popular concept of "strip programming," open a regular time slot with a comfortable cast and set it from there. A recurrent problem is that the format tends to dominate the content, especially on news and current affairs where glitzy graphics and sound effects are in vogue.



Journal newsroom: "the national stage"

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National and *The Journal* to be consistently high quality, interesting and attractive." The ratings show that if the quality is good and the product is available, Canadian audiences will buy it.

The new *National* and *The Journal* hope to fulfil these criteria without the help of Parliament by demonstrating that sufficient amounts of money judiciously spent will produce superior results. If successful, they will push the Canadian people into finally authorizing the move it has hoped for decades: if they want quality Canadian programming, they have to pay for it. Can the public then force the government into acknowledging a duty to support the CBC in its mandate to "safeguard,



Journal newsroom: "the national stage"

and strengthen the cultural, political, social and economic fabric of Canada?" Can the corporation itself, though lacking fire in its belly, manage to stake up at least a glint in rays?

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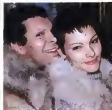


PEOPLE

When he was 18, my Mickey Rooney was the number 1 box office star in the world—bigger than Bogart, Gable and Greta. By the time he was 30, the public was bored with his Andy Hardy movies, and Rooney was becoming a compulsive spender and drinker who spent more time in divorce court than on the screen. Now, at 61, Rooney is playing out his second chance at stardom. His comeback began two years ago with an Oscar nomination for his scathing portrayal of a has-been horse trainer in *The Black Stallion*. This month he returns to TV as a newly granddaddy in *One Of The Boys*. Rooney is optimistic about the show's success. "It's America without giving me the flag"—through he bombed in his first series, *Weg Malheur*, 25 years ago. "The



The supermodel Rooney with number 8, country singer Jean Chamberlain



network put *Weg Malheur* opposite *Archie Bunker*. I had two choices, *Archie* and *none*." It seems like, in general, has been much kinder.

Craig Russell, the 35-year-old female entrepreneur, has a clear idea of how he is going to keep his upcoming marriage on the rails. "We're going to put 8 and 30 back into marriage. You know, saving and mending." He doesn't. Vowing to leave the wild life behind, Russell is mending down the aisle this week with *Leslie Jenkins*, 28, the manager of a Toronto marketing research company whom he met four years ago at the premiere of his hit film *Outrageous*. Having weathered disastrous theatre reviews and an aborted tour of Canada last year, Russell will begin work soon on another film, *Animal Day of the North*.

If the town fathers have their way, Rooney, N.E., may soon be a no-horse town. *Weg Malheur*, a 38-year-old psychologist and guidance counselor, was one of the municipality's five-footed

Russell and Jenkins (left) put 8 and 30 back into marriage. Lewis fights to keep her horses at home in Quebec town

beasts. Taddy and Taddy's son, *Nature Dan Whifflet*, which have been living happily in her garage for years without a murmur of complaint from the neighbors. But Russell has a bylaw that prohibits homeowners from keeping animals in outbuildings on residential property. Lewis thought she had circumvented the restriction last year when she bought more land and spent \$4,000 to link her house to the garage. But the governor that he cited her for a contempt offense, and she was incarcerated for a week in a reformatory near Fredericton on the day before New Year's Eve. Upon her release last week, Lewis was still insisting that she was not in violation of the bylaw. "I'm a very law-abiding citizen," she says. Nevertheless, the fact that the town is spending money for this kind of foolishness is something that not only gets her just but may take her horses away.

Calgary Mayor Ralph Klein, 38, is unrepentant about the derogatory remarks he made last week concerning Quebecers and unskilled workers who he feels are responsible for a crime rise in his city. Speaking to an audience of 150 women members of the Calgary Newsmen's Social Club, Klein denounced the "creeps" among Quebecers' 3,000 newcomers a month and said that, for the first time in Calgary's shortness history, there are more Quebecers than native Indians in local jails. If it takes "cowboy techniques" to control outlaws, so be it, the mayor added. The ensuing "explosion" of phone calls from across the country (including those from every French-speaking outlet in Alberta as well as from the office of Quebec City Mayor Jean Fecteau) didn't faze Klein. In the mode of a Gary Cooper or a John Wayne, the former TV reporter declared, "Basically, what [the frontier sheriff] did was look up when the bad boys walked into town. Look out for High Noon on English Avenue." —WRITTEN BY BARBARA BRIDGES



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TOURISM BRITISH COLUMBIA
FOLLOWS BY JOURNAL PHOTO

Gypsies up the fee for fortunes

By Weady Destrin

The ball arrives by flyer with the morning mail: come today—tomorrow may be too late. The spirit-walkers' claims seem lofty but successful. One, an adviser on all problems of life, has the God-given power to heal, soothe, a card and palm reader, uplifts the sick and depressed. From the four corners of the world people come to yet another who guarantees to remove bad luck.

Fortune-telling, the traditional livelihood of gypsy women, has long been regarded as bizarre yet harmless entertainment. Recently, however, police in a number of cities have become concerned by the numbers of unscrupulous spirit-walkers who begin with a fortune and end with a serious fraud. Elaborate and expensive (hence more expensive) rituals are now replacing the advertised tarot and palm reading sessions as gypsy women, often the sole providers of family income, attempt to boost their earnings. The gypsies, many of them of Spanish origin, operate wherever there's a market. In Saskatoon, according to RCMP Corp. Beatty Nard who participated in a joint investigation with city police earlier this year, up to \$4,000 has been lost by unsuspecting marks to so-called fortune-tellers. Insp. Ted Taylor, head of special investigations with the Edmonton police, reports that since April offenders in that city have taken victims for as much as \$1,000. Toronto cops are bigger fish. Richard Dowling, who with Const. Chris Ellis of the Metropolitan Toronto Police has been investigating gypsy fortune-telling shops for three years, says that 1981 saw one \$30,000 and two \$25,000 transactions in that city. While Toronto is the centre of activity today, with about 50 gypsy families and 30 active, advertised premises, the fortune-tellers are transient and, says Taylor, the trend is moving west.

According to police, about 75 per cent of the fraudulent fortune-teller victims are middle-aged women distressed about family illness, marital or fertility problems. Especially vulnerable are Italians, Portuguese, Greeks and West Indians, who often maintain belief in curses and the evil eye. But not all victims are unscrupulous and gossips. Last year, one 30-year-old Toronto professional man, plagued by a faltering marriage, sought to seduce himself by consulting a spiritist for recommendation by his mother. He was seduced of \$10,000.



The scam works like this. Susceptible victims, lured by the guarantee of peace of a flyer or ad to the fortune-teller's storefront shop, are initially warned that a curse grips them. On the next visit, having assured the victim of evil's stronghold, she sends him home with an egg or tarot to be rubbed against the body and with instructions to return again with the charmed item encased in a white handkerchief (in a few days it reappears). The fortune-teller spins the handkerchief wildly and prays fervently in the language of the victim's

choice. At the climactic moment, using deft sleight of hand she performs a switch and completes the setup. Unraveling the handkerchief, she reveals a grotesque chunk of hair or food-stuffed cotton scrap of meat pointing out from the soaked egg or tarot—in disputable evidence of a vile curse. The terrified victim is urged to hand over an appointed sum in the white handkerchief (in spiritual demonstrations [seven one-hundred or \$600.00 are common requests], and assured the risk of living will be buried in a graveyard at

midnight or burned for the powers that be if the spirits remain unaided more money is demanded. And if pressed, in lieu of cash the scarred treats herself to a buying spree courtesy of her victim's credit card.

The fact that people actually fall for the theories is not surprising, according to Ellis, since gypsies do show an amazing ability to judge character and stand a 50-50 chance of providing an accurate reading. While investigating a fortune-teller, Ellis once received a "dead-on" palm reading himself. "She told me things only my partner knew. If you're at all vulnerable and that happens, you believe." Gypsy legend also holds that fortune-telling is a God-given gift, first bestowed when a gypsy stole the fourth heart-placing nail from Christ's cross, thereby reducing his suffering. But fortune-tellers translate that "gift" to its street users. Ellis and Dowling have seen situations where immigrant women, who have never ventured inside a bank secure baby loans using as collateral their joint interest in the family home—an interest many of them didn't even know they had until a fortune teller told them "It's just like playing" for the gypsy, says Ellis.

Playday was profitable last July for one fortune-teller still on the lam, who took a 40-year-old Toronto business woman for \$30,000. The woman, desperate over a brutal marriage, answered an ad in the personals, got what she considered a true reading, and visited the spiritist about 20 times over five months. Convinced by the fortune-teller to leave her husband, she did, and then agreed, after participating in a number of mystic rituals, to bring cash from a recent house sale for the gypsy to bless. After the rite, the gypsy, moaning much bawling of sobs and rubbing of coin, the two women visited the victim's safety deposit box, where the fortune-teller advised her to leave the cash for 30 days. Seven days later she packed and opened the safe. In the handkerchief was a sack of small bundles of yellow paper cut from the telephone directory. "It was all a bunch of crap. I knew that now," says the hapless victim. "But she seemed to have such wisdom and strength—everything I needed then. I thought a miracle could happen in my life."

Getting victims to report the predators is the greatest obstacle for police in eliminating the practice. Ellis estimates only about five per cent of such frauds are brought to light, usually by disgruntled or relatively rarely by victims, who are either too terrified of the gypsy's malevolent powers or too intimidated to press charges. In those years, Toronto police have made only 60 arrests, thanks largely to informers.

To keep good faith with the police and because many of them fear jail sentences mean gypsies out on the money and return it if a complaint surfaces (The maximum penalty for fraudulent witchcraft and fortune-telling under the Criminal Code of Canada is \$500 or six months in jail or both.) Since complaints are rare, however, police believe large sums go unreturned. To aggravate the problem, Toronto bylaws do not require a license before a fortune-teller hangs her shingle. In other cities where licenses are required, either the gypsies don't bother to obtain them or

the license pertains to the pretentious alone, and the transient offenders can't be traced. "What it amounts to," says Taylor, "is that anyone can do this, and we have no control over them." To the gypsies, however, it's all much ado about nothing. Says one Toronto-based gypsy: "They come in here crying and pleading for help, so we do what a psychiatrist does and probably charge less. A \$2,000 to \$3,000 seems only covers the monthly bill. We're harmless—just out to make a buck like everyone else. They say everyone's got a gift, and that is ours, it's written in the stars." ☐

Typical fortune-tellers' aged stereotyped paraphernalia and multilingual flyers





Your smile goes a long way...

...in helping Canada grow.

Canada welcomes over 40.7 million visitors a year.

Your smile goes a long way in making them feel at home. And that's important to all of us because tourism is one of our fastest growing industries.

More than one million Canadians earn their living from tourism.

Canadians from every walk of life help this important industry thrive. From restaurant personnel to hotel and motel staffs, sales clerks, waiters, doormen, cabbies and policemen. And our economy is boosted by tourism to the tune of 14.8 billion dollars a year.

In recent years the growth of tourism has exceeded the growth of Canada's economy as a whole.

One of the main reasons for this success is that our visitors enjoy meeting Canadians. A friendly smile from a total stranger makes a special impression when travelling. It makes one feel at home in new surroundings, helps build fond memories, even starts one thinking about coming back. And, although we can't put a dollar figure on a smile, every time you make a visitor feel welcome you're doing a lot more than making a new friend. You're helping Canada grow stronger.

Tourism is important to all of us.



TOURISM INDUSTRY ASSOCIATION OF CANADA



L'ASSOCIATION DE L'INDUSTRIE TOURISTIQUE DU CANADA

DESIGN

Reviving trompe l'oeil with urban wit

By Frances Welch

It would have been the perfect addition to Cam and Howard Taylor's Ottawa home—an 18th-century oak veneer in miniature, their newly renovated kitchen. But the prohibitive \$5,000 price tag prompted the designer couple to commission a large-scale trompe l'oeil replica from a painter friend, Earl Wilson. "I painted it with its doors partly open," says Wilson, "and on its shelves placed personal references—a family Bible, a wedding ring and their children's favourite toys." Because the Taylors are dishevelled and truly people, Wilson purposely painted in a dash of frost rinds to appear hidden within the cabinet. "The painting was an exercise," laughs Howard Taylor, "that visitors were forever trying to close its doors."

Trompe l'oeil, the art of deceiving the eye while delighting the heart, reached its zenith during the Renaissance. Italian painters such as Veronese manipulated the newly perfected lens of perspective to create convincing three-dimensional illusions. Like their forefathers, today's artists are working upon the technique's inherent humor, but with a view to warping North America's stark urban architecture. The growing demand for fake interior landscapes, architectural details and painted figures has attracted to the discipline new designers and interior decorators skilled in visual trickery.

"What I hope we're seeing," says Toronto designer Rex Staples, "is a revival of an honorable old art. Anything that encourages us to take life, and especially the decorating of our homes, less seriously, has to be good for us. If this is true, the Toronto home of Edward and Merve Rattle should be presented for anyone with a persistent case of visual sobriety. Working with artist Douglas Colbert, Staples conceived a trompe l'oeil mural that "destroys" the conventional space of the house's central stairwell and substitutes in its place the illusion of an open-air staircase that goes on forever. Rainy, muddling clouds, but-



Staples' traditional concrete (above), Anacostia apartment-widening mural.

terflies and hot-air balloons surround a solitary one straight out of the lexicon of classic trompe l'oeil.

Musgrave-born Toronto muralists Althea and Elizabeth Anapolino advocate Trompe l'oeil for people living in claustrophobic apartments. "It can multiply the feeling of space just as mirrors can,

but a perspective mural is so much richer and more personal." According to the Anapolinos, the colonnaded and arched Egyptian vista they created for an Ajax, Ont., home was a real bargain. "For the cost of aged breadstuffs, we added on these extra rooms. Can you imagine what it would cost actually to build them?"

On a smaller scale, artist Raymond Archer and designer David Blumstein, both of Toronto, use trompe l'oeil techniques to adorn forebore Archer paints classic four-foot square and decorates tables, cabinets and trays with everything from fake maiesties to ribbons, flowers and wondrously thin white hand to stroke and polish. Hammer can make a wooden surface look like shell, linen, marble or bamboo.

Those unable to afford trompe l'oeil in their homes will find that the device has already hit the streets. For more than a year, Calgary artist Derek Beaudet has been delighting passers-by with his apartment in the window-solene exterior wall of Toronto's historic Guelph House (Piquet Building). His mural, in the heart of the city's theatre district, bestows an enormous backdrop with Victorian-style windows, all happily fastened to the building's bare wall with four-pinger screws. It's a job that a municipal hand was at work here, what isn't obvious is that though five of the windows are real, the remaining 10 aren't, and that even on the coldest of days the painted backdrop will continue to curl in an uncanny breeze.

Beaudet's work has drawn requests for similar projects. In Calgary, a new mural, *Elvis Close Your Eyes*, has been commissioned for One Boulevard West, a bank of condominiums. It promises to be an eccentric building with the concrete skin of its bank wall "peeling" away to reveal another of Beaudet's visual ploys. Located in the midst of the city's glass and steel-framed jungle, the mural will serve as a cheeky raspberry, urging Calgarians to stop and enjoy the joke.



Lending a helping hand to the teenage parent

By Catherine Reid

During the day, Rachelle Denry, 18, is like almost every other Vancouver teenage girl: Willa, gudding around the halls of her high school in jeans, she chats with her friends and discusses the necessity of homework. But when school finishes, she suddenly moves into her other life. As her classmates leave for home, she boards the crestfallen bus to pick up her son, Ryan, 2½, from his day-care centre and returns to her modest apartment. "Sometimes I feel like I have a split personality. During the day I'm a kid, and at night I'm a parent."

A little more than a decade ago, when pregnant teenagers were hastily married or discreetly discarded in country maternity homes, stories like Denry's would have raised eyebrows. Now, however, one in 10 births in Canada is to a woman under 20, and many of these women opt for single parenthood. In 1980 alone, 38 per cent elected to keep their babies after the choice is often fraught with serious problems. Says Dr. Harry Mackay of the Canadian Council on Social Development in Ottawa, "Many of these girls are existing without the traditional services [daycare, school and post-natal care]." As a result, many new young mothers, after less than two years of parenting, give their children up for adoption. In 1988, 40 per cent of youngsters taken into the care of the Toronto Children's Aid Society had mothers under 20. But social agencies have not lost hope. New programs for teenage parents continue to burgeon and to gain in refinement.

From conception to postpartum, the teenage mother faces unique difficulties. Experiencing the swift rise from birth to young woman, she must, doctors have assumed in the past, forego years of adolescence. In fact, maternal mortality and the risk of teenage are higher in adolescents than for women over 20 (13 and 21 per cent, respectively). In addition, the babies are often smaller and more prone to illness than babies of older mothers. Of particular concern is the lack of prenatal care for teenagers in the first crucial months of pregnancy. Dr. Evelyn Sacks, a social worker with Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, explains, "Often often don't realize they are pregnant or are too frightened to come to a doctor. As well, many doctors



Denry and son, Ryan, split personality

never think to check for pregnancy when young girls complain of fatigue or missed periods."

But even after successful pregnancies, teenagers run head-on into the emotional and economic burdens of parenting. "The teenage mother suffers the same problems as older mothers, but they are exacerbated by immaturity, loneliness, lack of support and poverty," explains Penny Mann, a Toronto-based of education trustee. Last year, studies in British Columbia and Newfoundland showed that more than 50 per cent of adolescent mothers hadn't finished high school and were unlikely to do so without special help. Denry freely admits she had no intention of going back to high school after Ryan's birth. But a few summers of clerking in offices and stores brought home the better reality of life without skills, and she returned to class.

While school programs for the mothers are rare, there are some significant successes. The Louise Dean School in Calgary was the first in Canada to address the problem. Started 12 years ago to provide education for pregnant adolescents, it has now expanded to classes for single mothers. The curriculum stresses career goals and allows for the special health and counselling needs

of young mothers as well as providing day care in the school. But principal Barbara Mahon laments, "We can only handle 40 at a time." In Montreal, Ecole Sainte-Jette has only 10 places for pregnant teenagers who want to finish schooling.

While education is the most important long-term goal, social workers in the front line are trying to reduce the emotional problems many young mothers as their own will encounter. In the past six years, teenage mother groups have sprung up. Cindy Rosenblum, who runs the YWCA's Toronto program for adolescent mothers, prefers to limit the groups to 10. Lately, she feels they have expanded to 15. "I can't take in any more so I'm visiting the girls at home," Rosenblum says. The curriculum includes basic parenting, budgeting and crisis counselling. Learning life skills is paramount, says Heather Morris, who operates a similar group for the Catholic Children's Aid. "These girls have been robbed of their teen years." Opening after a last-minute scramble for funds is the long-awaited centre for teenage mothers, Jean's, in Toronto. The first of its kind in Canada, Jean's will provide both pre- and post-natal care, a 24-hour nursery and emergency services. But most important, it will link women and their babies with volunteer families who will provide anything from Sunday supper to winter clothes. "Everyone needs a family," explains Jean's founder, Jane Gilwood.

Others of the programs contend that supporting adolescent mothers is a waste of money and women should be encouraged to give up their children at birth. They cite cases of abuse, neglect and poverty and point to the legions of infertile couples elegantly writing lists for adoptable babies. But Sharon Wilms of Vancouver's YWCA believes that if mothers were given considerable financial and emotional support, the problems would decrease. "It costs the province (B.C.) \$5,000 a month for every child it puts into foster care, yet we give the mothers half that amount and slap these women when they can't cope."

However, most social workers will admit that not all mothers should be encouraged to keep their babies. Calgary's Mahon cautions, "Sometimes giving up the child is the best decision and a very brave one." She is backed by a 1979 University of Toronto study that found the mothers who gave up their children were in fact more mature and capable than those who kept them. But as the teenage mother in Marjorie Bell's film *Two Mothers—A Story of Coping* says, "There's no right and wrong in this thing."

With Jim from Cindy Barrett.



Can anyone tell Mr. Harvey when his golden age is supposed to begin?

He had it all figured out, how he would make the most of his retirement years.

Finally there would be time to travel, to take up a hobby, to see more of his grandchildren. Even to sleep late. It wasn't enough.

Two years later, Mr. Harvey still misses the routine of his working days; especially the company of his buddies at the plant.

The thought of old age bounds him. And then there's inflation.

Mr. Harvey doesn't need another worry, but he soon may have one. Quite simply, he's gone from moderate to

heavy drinking. Not only when he gets together with his friends, but during ordinary evenings, when he and his wife are just relaxing at home.

Moderation is for young people, Mr. Harvey will tell you.

True enough. But now that Mr. Harvey is past his physical prime and facing new situations that need stamina and clear thinking, it's just as important for him.

Moderation belongs to every age. It's one idea that should never be retired.

Seagram

We believe in moderation and we've been saying so since 1929

Advocacy ads: what the media didn't say



Colby changes hats in CPA commercial ads that "buy a share of mind" (above)

By Robert Lewis

We're going to try and tell you more about the oil and gas aspect of energy. We believe that energy solutions begin with understanding.

The authoritative tones came from *Savoy* CMC journalist Ken Colby, but there was more promise than deliverance in that television performance. For three months before the holidays, Colby hosted TV commercials for the Canadian Petroleum Association (CPA) featuring "interviews" with industry critics and triggering panoramas of offshore oil rigs and prime pump jacks. As for providing hard information, the prime-time spots amounted to a *Savoy* of the wrong. But starting this month, Colby is delivering a new and improved message from the sponsor.

Big Oil expected to hit dry holes. Actually, the switch to more content in commercials is part of the script drafted by ad agencies and a proconservative politesse, Allan Gregg, to change cynical hearts and minds. Phase I last year aimed simply to reaffirm public confusion and skepticism about oil companies—and to establish the industry's intention to defend itself.

Phase II portrays a vast enterprise in which "every region of Canada benefits." The real quest, however, is to prevent further government intervention in the business by generating voter support for companies before the next election. Says Ian Smyth, executive director of CPA in Calgary: "We've learned that some government policy will go where public opinion takes it."

CPA's \$4-million campaign, which includes partial ads in newspapers and magazines and a separate message for Quebecers, is one of the most expensive image-bushwhacking efforts ever mounted by an industry in Canada. But it is only the most lavish example of a thriving new genre of advertising that is becoming a \$200,000,000-a-year en-

terprise. Advocacy advertising, backed by extensive opinion surveys, has become the offensive weapon of corporations and governments that feel the conventional press of the press is distorting their message. *Toronto's Globe and Mail* even implicitly undermines the authority of its own news pages with ads that exhort potential advertisers: "If you want it said right, say it yourself."

And say it they have. Corporations, from investments to the Royal Bank, have bought space to defend soaring profits. Bell Canada has advocated rate increases. Nissan Motors has attacked Ontario government rebates on cars. In British Columbia, doctors have launched a bid for higher fees and civil servants have defended strikes. In the wake of the federal budget, the Critics' Coalition and the Canadian Federation of Independent Business each paid about \$15,000 for full-page ads denouncing tax changes. The provinces and Ottawa have mounted lavish campaigns to promote causes close to the hearts of governing parties, often before programs are even approved by Parliament or the legislature. In Ottawa, which spent \$57 million on road pitches last year, is



The MacEwen budget is not what it seems to be. It's a sly, devious document that nearly fooled us all.

Budgetary cuts are not what they seem to be. It's a sly, devious document that nearly fooled us all.

Report on Hivings

We're doing it now. We're stopping the leak with the U.I. Report on Hivings.

Report on Hivings

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for good taste in smoking!



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Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advise that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid smoking. Average per cigarette—King Size Filter: "tar" 12 mg. Nic. 0.9 mg. Regular Filter: "tar" 8 mg. Nic. 0.5 mg.

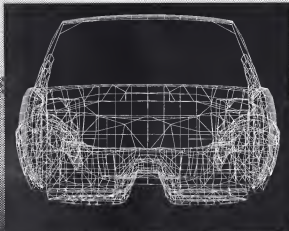
THE TOYOTAEDGE



OUTSIDE: You can see the difference

Look at Toyota's sleek wedge design — aerodynamic and wind tunnel-proved to give you the best fuel economy. Toyota's fit and finish — doors that close right. Mouldings that fit tight.

And tough, smooth enamels. You can see that a Toyota is built right. Built to last. Backed by the integrity of every Toyota man and woman. That's the Toyota Quality Edge.



INSIDE: You can feel the difference

Feel how Toyota is made for you — the concept behind every Toyota. How the seats fit. How the colours match. And how every control is easy to reach. Acceleration is solid for a smooth,

quiet ride. The touch of the wheel says you are in control. Your foot on the brake brings a swift, sure stop. That's a good, secure feeling. That's the Toyota Quality Edge.

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the largest advertiser in the country— ahead of General Foods and Procter & Gamble. Ontario ranks sixth, Quebec seventh. New Ottawa's ad budget has soared to about \$70 million, with most of Ottawa's untendered contracts in the hands of ad firms such as Vidmark & Bennett, MacLennan and the Jerry Grogan Agency (which scripted Trudeau's election commercials for television).

The value of advocacy ads is hotly debated. Thomas Reid, a Toronto politician, told a recent corporate seminar staged by the Conference Board that spending money on advocacy ads is "a waste of a critically scarce resource." Murray Coleson, executive director of the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee, an environmental lobby, argues that advocacy ads are "more accessible to wealthy interests" and doubts if they serve "anyone's interest very well."

Industry and government are convinced they do. Robert Landry, Imperial Oil's vice-president, admits that last year's \$1-million television and print campaign in response to federal charges of a \$12-billion consumer "ripoff" by oil companies illustrated that "Imperial Oil always willing to accept the accusations in silence." The company's private equity ad, Landry adds, reveal that "assailable attitudes had returned to normal levels within a week of the campaign launch."

John Alexander, a leading advocacy advertiser and union vice-president with Vidmark & Bennett in Ottawa, suggests that his "Let's Free Enterprise" commercials, awarded for radio and print by the House of Commons in Canada in 1978, underscored the 1977 election campaign mounted by Ontario NDP leader Stephen Lewis and spearheaded Pierre Trudeau to protect markets about the free market economy. "We even got Pierre Trudeau to say that the free enterprise system is alive and well and living in Canada," notes Alexander, a self-styled right-wing ideologue. Television advertising is an enormous power, he contends. "I can buy a share of mind."

Governments are no less determined to sell themselves, almost at any cost. British Columbia (\$40,000) and Quebec (\$600,000) mounted campaigns attacking Pierre Trudeau's constitutional proposals. Peter Lougheed's Alberta government took to the airwaves in response to criticism of its management of the Electricité Paroie. The Queen's Tories even clipped into a \$60-million multimillion sale of votes with an environment ad just before the last election. "Preserve it, conserve it," the ad urged residents of Ontario. Supply and Service Minister Jean-Jacques Blais, who presides over federal advertising contracts, declares, "Government is too complex nowadays to rely on 'policy by press."

election." Programs must be explained—not not by reporters."

In pursuit of that goal, Ottawa's aggressive Canadian Unity Information Office, with a budget of more than \$10 million, has led MacLennan Advertising's backing Canada-wide across television screens as part of a planned \$6-million campaign to promote a mood favoring constitutional change. The felt-yielding campaign after a storm in Parliament in 1980. This followed \$8 million spent on separate-banking during the Quebec referendum and \$4 million for every ads designed, as one official wrote in a confidential memo, to "take control of the energy debate" away from the critics.

Criticism was the watchword when CTV first learned the terrible thoughts people harbor about oil companies. The bad news came in a public opinion poll that CTV commissioned from George & Demos Research Ltd. of Toronto. George's samples of 1,500 Canadians last fall revealed a striking bilateral dichotomy: 96 per cent of English Canadians said they were satisfied by the energy debate and 70 per cent didn't think that the companies were telling the truth. But in Quebec, 49 per cent claimed they believe the companies—proof, Grogan notes, that francophones seem to have more faith in large institutions.

Demom's numbers in hand, CTV commissioned Toronto's McLaughlin, Hays, Henry ad agency to script English commercials and Montreal's Allard, Leclair to do the French. Well-known morning show host Yves Corbeil, of the commercial CTV network, became the first voice for a campaign that proclaimed: Now francophones have their say in solution. For Anglos, on-air reporter Colby, now director of government affairs for Conrad Black's Naron Energy, set a scene of skepticism and called for "understanding." Interviews or "interviews" with Dubois, but only any-looking folk served, according to Grogan, to develop a bridge between viewers and an industry with a message to deliver in Phase II of the campaign.

From his ongoing telephone polls, Grogan confirms that the response so far is favorable. So not to leave too much to chance, CTV also shot a 20-minute film about the making of the TV ad campaign for consumption by oil and gas employees. One of the stars, predictably, is Allan Grogan, an openly capitalist who sports shoulder-length hair, tattoos on his shoulder and a ring in his ear. The other key player is Colby, who, despite worries about trading on past journalistic credibility, has taken easily to his new role as advertising associate "Bastard," notes Colby. "In real life, a spectacular sport. We are not in the business of providing the media with stories." ☐



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Of Jesus Christ and the Holy Grail

By Mark Abley

It appeared to be a local mystery. How and a 16th-century French priest, living in an obscure village at the foot of the Pyrenees, suddenly became a fortune amounting to several million dollars? And why did he then behave so oddly, hiding himself a more remote, the Year Magdalen, and in suffering above the church door THOMASIN NOT LOUIS ESTE THIS PLACE IS TERRIBLE! Over the years, several books have examined the priest, Ménéger Sauraire, and his activities at Rennes-le-Château. In 1952, the one made a film on the subject, and its scriptwriter, Henry Lincoln, became so obsessed with this constantly deepening mystery that he began to devote all his time to it. Now he and two coworkers, Richard Leigh, an American novelist and university lecturer, and Michael Baigent, a New Zealand psychologist and photographer, have published the results of a decade of research. *The Holy Blood and The Holy Grail* (Clark, 1982). Their conclusions could hardly be more shocking.

What Baigent discovered seems to have been a group of paranoiacs, one dating back to 1204, which were of crucial importance to a clandestine society called the Priory of Sion. To keep the priest silent, the Priory paid him out of extraordinary. Baigent is sure the society's activities have continued to this day. Baigent, Leigh and Lincoln have held several war meetings at the site of the present grand manor, Fort Plantard, a library, French literature here and foreign authors. Charles de Gaulle, that Plantard may be something more if the au-



Mary Magdalene kissing Christ's feet (above); authors Leigh, Lincoln and Baigent, shocking conclusions



thors and the Priory are to be believed, he is also a literal descendant of Jesus Christ. And miraculously though it sounds, the Priory is working to establish one of Christ's descendants on the throne of a united Europe. The authors suggest that another purported descendant, Alison Fother, the former interim French president who served in 1969 and 1973, may be the candidate in question. "The [the Priory's] aim," says Richard

Leigh, "was to reveal the sacred and spiritual under the auspices of a priest-king."

The Holy Blood and The Holy Grail draws on recent scholarly research into the ancient mythical cult of gnosticism—particularly the writings that come to light at Nag Hammadi in Egypt in 1945. These texts reveal that the fathers of the early church ensured a great deal of what had originally been written about Jesus in the interests of ecclesiastical consistency and power. Some of the Gnostic texts suggest that Jesus had a more intimate association with Mary Magdalene than the Christian gospels allow, another states that he did not in fact die on the cross. Yet their discovery seems to have caused little stir within the church. Anthony Phillips, the Oxford theologian and author of *God, Sex, & Money*, believes that "They're very important for scholars, but I don't think the general public knows anything about them."

Baigent, Leigh and Lincoln also suggest that the New Testament is radically incomplete. They postulate a division in infant Christianity between the adherents of the mission, such as St. Peter, and an inner circle of initiates which included Mary Magdalene, Jesus' mother and the "beloved disciple"—who was, in their opinion, not John but Lazarus. Even more controversially, they accept the ancient traditions that Joseph of Arimathea (who received Jesus' body after the crucifixion) and Mary Magdalene sailed across the Mediterranean to southern France. They go on to suggest that Mary, who had no other child, had brought with her her last one child. And

after the Roman Empire collapsed in the fifth century, that child's descendants founded a dynasty of French kings the Merovingians.

As its title suggests, the book contains a stunning concentration of that most elusive of treasures: the Holy Grail, the cup or platter used, according to medieval legend, by Christ at the Last Supper. In the best-known of the many Grail romances of Europe, Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival*, the Grail is described as "the fruit of bloodstain, such abundance of the sweetness of the world that its delights were very like what we are told of the kingdom of heaven." The authors believe that the Grail had a secret, double meaning. First, it referred to the true receptacle of the blood of Jesus: the womb of Mary Magdalene. And second, as its original spelling as used by Thomas Malory in *Morte d'Arthur*, the "sacquest" was really "sacred vessel," the royal blood of the king of the Jews.

The authors are sensitive to charges that they're out to destroy faith. In Leigh's opinion, "Very much of what we say about Jesus is in the mainstream of contemporary thought and thinking." Nevertheless, if any of its conclusions are accepted, the beliefs cherished by millions of people will be brought if not broken. Moreover, the political implications are enormous. The authors report that the present-day Priory is working to a precise timetable and that Pierre Plantard expects France to have a loan on the throne by 1990. Priory members are said to wield quiet influence in France, Switzerland and the European Parliament. Its members, or close associates, include politicians, business, religious leaders and one of the foremost writers of our time, the Mexican novelist (and former ambassador to France) Carlos Fuentes.

Almost as a passing aside, the authors mention that the Priory de Sion claims to possess the treasure of the Temple of Jerusalem, lost since Roman legions sacked the city in 70 AD and rediscovered by the Knights Templar, the city's former military arm. The society's right to this seems doubtful at best—but as Baigent says, "The Templars, as part of their policy, sought a synthesis between Judaism, Christianity and Islam. Such would seem to have a very similar policy in mind."

It remains to be seen whether such respect historians will pay this book. Even if 30 per cent of it should prove to be nonsense, the other 70 per cent might be enough to upset conventional accounts of Western history. As the senior author, Henry Lincoln, says in a foreword: "We take our work seriously, but we don't take ourselves very seriously. If we do, we'd be magnummums." ☐

HEALTH

An insidious social disease

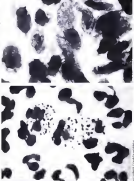
From its name, it sounds more like some rare bacterial infection. But chlamydia trachomatis is in fact the most prevalent sexually transmitted disease in Canada today. The reason doctors have difficulty diagnosing it and laboratories don't have the trained personnel to support the diagnosis is that, as a result, researchers are now pointing to chlamydia as one of the major causes of infertility.

Symptomatically, it is similar to gonorrhea, although it is caused by a different bacterium. Men suffer from an inflammation of the urethra, characterized by discharge and burning on urination. Women, on the other hand, experience abnormal vaginal discharges. Once discovered, chlamydia is curable with tetracycline. But as Dr. William Bower, of the Division of Infectious Diseases at the University of British Columbia's clinic, "When you advise people for chlamydia, you find that 50 per cent who have it, it has no symptoms."

The test for chlamydia requires isolating the organism by taking a swab. Once the specimen is obtained, it must be sent to a laboratory that is capable of processing it. Few in Canada are equipped to do that, in all of the country, only one laboratory exists. In Toronto, there are three. "We are so swamped with requests for [chlamydia] tests that we just can't handle them efficiently," says Dr. Kathleen Goss, the director of clinical laboratories at Toronto's Women's College Hospital. While doctors aren't sure how prevalent the disease is in the community, Bower, after testing female students at UBC, estimates that chlamydia is present in over ten per cent of the total population, an evidence sure to be 10 times higher than for gonorrhea. "To me, that's a frighteningly high figure, and it is likely rising." To compound the

problem, doctors estimate that 30 per cent of men and up to 60 per cent of women who have gonorrhea also have chlamydia. While penicillin is an effective treatment for gonorrhea, it is useless in combating chlamydia.

If left untreated, the disease can cause serious physical harm. Sixty to 70 per cent of infected women will develop antibodies that cause severe infections as



Chlamydia bacteria (top); gonorrhea (above); becoming one of the major causes of infertility

gonorrhea. And in a recent study of infertile women in France, 35 per cent were sterile due to chlamydia. Another 20 per cent with acute pelvic inflammatory disease (PID)—an inflammation of the uterus and tubes which impedes conception—also had chlamydia. The social consequences of these findings are enormous. The Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, Ga., warned that if 100 conditions are kept 50 per cent of its victims sterile, by the year 2000 there will be twice as many sterile women as had been previously estimated.

—JAMES D. BROWN

For the record

While traditional ballet is accompanied by some of the most luxurious and familiar classical music, modern dance has consistently refused to be tied to any specific genre of music. Dancer-choreographer Taylor Thorp exemplified this independence when she began her career in 1965 with *Tank Drive*, a piece set to total silence. In the '70s, however, Thorp immersed herself in pop music, using songs by Paul Simon and Bruce Springsteen for her dances and choreographing Miss Fennell's film version of *Star*. Her most recent work has been set to original scores by sardonic pop songwriter Randy Newman for Fennell's film *Baggage* and Talking Heads leader David Byrne for the Broadway production *The Catherine Wheel*.

The *Baggage* assignment appeared to be minor. Thorp was asked to reconstruct two short period pieces (from 1955), one of them for the title sequence. Newman was hired to do the score for the film's music, the trick was to distill the spirit of an age without merely echoing well-known period songs. The aching melodies and magic rhythms of



Thorp and Byrne fracture neo-classic melodramas

Newman's score combine with Thorp's languid dance to create the sad and stately tone of Fennell's movie, the ironic contrast of the film suggests that the neo-classic composition of Beat Joplin's raga. Lending himself to one short road, Newman uses his talent for abstraction to flesh out his exquisite theme. The soundtrack album is *Baggage* (Columbia) an unusually beautiful co-

the turntable as it is in the theatre. Along with *Remember My Name* and *Probs* (Ruff), it is one of the best film scores ever to see just.

More ambitious is *The Catherine Wheel*, one of Thorp's few extended works. The album is a 40-minute pop-song cycle edited from the complete score, which is available as a 70-minute cassette. David Byrne's score has some resemblance to his recent neo-classic work with Brian Eno, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, and *Talking Heads' Remains on Light*. Both albums incorporated complex polyrhythms borrowed from African and Middle Eastern music into new wave rock'n'roll. Although he has retained the convoluted musical structures of *Ghosts*, the

dramatic requirements of Thorp's dance have retained a sense of narrative to Byrne's songs. *The Catherine Wheel* (Sire) indicates that Byrne has happily returned to what he does best, writing fractured, neo-classic melodramas with a great beat. The best of his recent records, it signals that music and dance collaborations can have very positive effects. —BART THORN



Hearst: Her story, like her commitment to the revolution, falls short

Dabbling in the revolution

EVERY SECRET THING
by Patricia Campbell Hearst
(Doubleday, \$19.95)

As Mae once said, and as Patty Hearst quickly learned, revolution is no tea party. In 1974, the twilight of women's liberation, Patricia Campbell Hearst was a natural Californian baroness with a social consciousness as higher than her Lancia and a taste for the good life. When friends came over to discuss politics, she preferred to bake in the kitchen. She admits she rarely read a newspaper—no man had considered her family controlled one of the largest newspaper empires in the United States. But this social moose was shattered by her kidnapping at the hands of the Symbionese Liberation Army, a small but feisty group of urban guerrillas made up mostly of disaffected sons and daughters of Goldwater Republicans. What happened from that point on has been a matter of speculation. Here was Patty Hearst transported from her secure life as newspaper baroness to a California jail cell for her part in the Hibernia Bank robbery? Every Secret Thing purports to tell all, but like Hearst's own commitment to the revolution, it falls short.

In a long, and at times hopelessly repetitive retelling of events, Hearst describes the growing 40 days she spent captive on an L.A. safe-house street and her consequent escapades as a member of the counterinsurgent militia. This included arduous combat training in which she learned to keep her hand in a standing or crouching position, fold a nap-

kin into a gun and the discreet art of throat slitting. Sex, between male and female comrades, was much like the urban guerrilla diet of rice and peanut butter sandwiches: devoid of all bourgeois refinements. It was somehow considered necessary for survival but didn't leave a very good aftertaste. And not unlike a good girl's finishing school, the SLA also provided education lessons for Patty when it was obvious she sounded more like Katharine Hepburn than Chi Chi. From her accounts she took a course on how to do double negatives and how to drop her g's.

By her own account, Hearst learned almost nothing by the end, before her capture by the FBI (along with Wendy Yoshimura, a former member of the Revolutionary Army), Hearst had not only become the SLA's weapons expert, but had also written a position paper on sexual harassment and had taken part in another bank robbery and a series of bombings for which she was never charged.

As a daisy of a modern outlaw, *Every Secret Thing* offers a fascinating glimpse of the man and make of life in an underground cell, but the intricate detail only serves to obscure the larger pattern of Patty Hearst's motivations. Why, for example, did Hearst not fight it away from her captors when she had the chance? She had ample opportunity after her first forced commitment that her fiery death in a Los Angeles safe house. There was nothing to stop her from going to her parents' home or to a police station where, during a robbery, she was left alone outside

Mae's Sporting Goods store. Hearst unsuccessfully explains her behavior by saying that she could "not turn back." It is, in fact, it was true that the only contacts allowed by family and friends could not leave her from the sequestered life of an SLA soldier, then perhaps her experience says much about the American value system and how it failed to occur of its daughters. Whatever the explanation, the account still remains as *Every Secret Thing* could fill another book. —JANE OTTARA

Missives from a waltzing mouse

SELECTED LETTERS OF JAMES THURBER
edited by Helen Thayer and Edward Wright
(Doubleday and Simon, \$19.95)
FORMS AND SKETCHES OF E.B. WHITE
(Fitzhorn & Widdows, \$17.50)

When E.B. White brought James Thurber to The New Yorker magazine in 1927, they settled into a tiny office where the copy paper disappeared at what White calls a "wonderful rate." According to White, "Thurber and I kept paper as the natural receptacle for discarded notes, ideas, jokes, stick drawings, gibberish perceptions, and messages of good cheer to the outside world and to fellow workers." Some of these took the form of the baggy, wandering little drawings for which Thurber became renowned. And some of them were letters, which, in this section, comprise as fine an (unadorned) autobiography of Thurber as anybody could want.

Others have departed from what they call "the main crop of shoddiness" in order to present packets of letters to individual friends—many of them connected to *The New Yorker* and making up what Thurber would have been amused to hear referred to as "The Thurber Circle." (The book is bracketed by letters to E.B. (Aubrey) White, who, in the course of his 34 years with Thurber (who died in 1961), inspired in his pal some of the funniest and most telling remarks about good writing ever committed to paper.) "As far as I can make out," Thurber writes from London in 1937 to an uncharacteristically depressed White, "what you have is sheep blast.... Sheep blast, of course, is contagious and it can't get it myself. It comes new from 'Hello Goodbye' to himself in the mirror of a morning. Over here everybody turns Cuckoo when anything is the matter, and perhaps you should try that. T.R. Kluge never Cuckooed and so did Evelyn Waugh

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Thurber cartoon: "What have you done with Dr. Milhouse?"

and they look like."

Writing to Harold Ross, editor of *The New Yorker*, contrasting a book club's request for Thurber drawings to accompany Alice in Wonderland, he relates gleefully, "To this I replied, 'I'll tell you what let's do, let's keep the Tenniel drawings and I'll rewrite the book.'" He writes to John O'Hara as good as possible about the dissembling both of his own novels, quietly suggesting that *Appointment in Moscow* (O'Hara's first book) was a pretty good length for a novel. In a section called "Mr. Thurber remarks," he writes wonderfully successful caucuses to a bunch of people who want his time and his art. And, of course, he writes bravely and joyfully about his accelerating loss of sight. By 1945, Thurber was completely blind.

Thurber said that he wrote humor "the way a surgeon operates." White, in his lovely foreword to his friend in *The New Yorker*, diagnosed "During the happy years," he wrote, "Thurber did not write the way a surgeon operates, he wrote the way a child skips rope the way a mouse writes." And that is why we ought to go on reading him.

In 1959, Thurber wrote to White that "we might as well face the truth that no members of the future, pointing about among the ruins of time, we should be they glisten. But then, so are diamonds." This isn't a bad way of looking at the new collection of White's poems and sketches. Published in an edition uniform with the previously published *Lettered Among the Trees*, it is a collection of low-key pathos of fugitive "casuals" from *The New Yorker* and brief light verse. The verse is as when it is based on something really or whimsical White has read. When the verse springs joyfully from nowhere in particular, it has a sort of loquacious Georgian cast that isn't much fun. *The New Yorker* pieces are slight but funny enough to make the anthology memorable.

White's *Jack or Pierre Pagano* (the parody of the writing in *Vagabond* and *Memoirs of a Mouse*, his non-epic about the ordeal of keeping servants).

Although White called writing "an act of faith, not a trick of grammar," he could in fact get very mundane about it. Thurber's summaries of their lives within the craft are just as true and less glorious. Just before his death, he wrote, "Dear old Andy. When you die and I die we won't have to have any hell killed. In our time we have killed so much hell as any two guys anybody can name." And great hell it was too.

—GARY MICHAEL DAUER

A sacrifice on a hot altar

WHO KILLED KAREN SILKWOOD?
by Howard Kahn
(Boston, \$24.95 hard-cover; \$11.95 soft cover)

Thomas Capote's *In Cold Blood* demonstrated that a true story could be convincingly fished out by investigation. Now Howard Kahn, an editor of *Rolling Stone* magazine, has used this technique of "factual fiction" to recreate the life of Karen Silkwood, the young nuclear technician whose mysterious death at the age of 28 attracted national attention in the U.S. Kahn isn't quite as Capote's clear as a winter, but he spins a story so compelling as a good spy thriller. He also testifies eloquently to the capacity for good and evil in contemporary American society.

Mentally, Kahn doesn't finger as Silkwood's rather ordinary girlhood in small-town Texas, as her marriage, her three small children or her divorce. Instead, he focuses on her starting life

ever again in Oklahoma City, working in a plant owned by the powerful Kerr-McGee corporation. The plant made plutonium rods to fuel a new fast-breeder type of nuclear reactor being rushed into service on the West Coast, a project considered the gem of the American nuclear industry. But Silkwood's status at her new job soon turned to nightmare as she realized that safety precautions at Kerr-McGee were a sham. Radon-active particles were leaking everywhere, the health of unsuspecting workers (most were ignorant that plutonium could cause cancer) was being squandered in the name of quack profits. Silkwood herself was contaminated several times. She protested through her union, but when Kerr-McGee, tacitly aided by government inspectors, began to stonewall, she took to stealing proof of the inadequate safety measures from company files. On the night of Nov. 15, 1974, she was driving with the evidence to meet a reporter from *The New York Times*. Her smashed car and dead body were later found in a culvert, and her portfolio of evidence had mysteriously disappeared.

"Asleep at the wheel" was the official interpretation, and her story might have ended there had not a handful of people doggedly pursued their suspicions of foul play. One of this sweeping crowd was Kahn himself, so it is understandable that he writes with a bias he takes great pains to hide. His nominal heroine is Silkwood herself, but she is killed early in the book. The torch is passed to Kahn's obvious favorites, four young Washington radicals—two men and two women—who for no monetary reward worked furiously to bring Silkwood's case to court. Pitted opposite them is an array of shady and powerful grey-suited Kerr-McGee executives and FBI operatives. In Kahn's version the characters are drawn in black and



Silkwood's station turned to nightmare



75

37

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white, and fall all too easily into traps of good guys and bad. But given the evidence, it's a distinction that's difficult to avoid.

The evidence was presented in a well-publicized trial—recreated with great skill by Kohn—in which Silkwood's posthumous allies succeeded in winning a \$10.5-million settlement for her children in return for the damage that radiation had wreaked on her body. (In December, that settlement was reduced to \$5,000 by a higher court as technicalities.) But while the radiation case has been resolved, the more important question of who killed Karen Silkwood remains a mystery. On the rear bumper of Silkwood's crushed car were found fresh dents which could only have been made by another car almost certainly she was forced off the road. Yet her killers have not been exposed, thanks to the refusal of certain FBI agents and a Kohn-McGee refusal to testify in the name of national security. Was there a covering in high places? We may never know. In the meantime Kohn has given us a fearful and credible warning: we cannot depend on either big government or big business to defend our democratic rights. Sometimes the individual must speak out. Karen Silkwood's sacrifice did have at least one important result: it drew attention to her radiation standards throughout the industry. In the end, she may have saved the lives of thousands.

—JOHN BURNETT

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *Native House*, Clifford (2)
- 2 *The Road New Brunswick*, Irving (2)
- 3 *Endless Space*, Stewart (2)
- 4 *How I Spent My Summer Holidays*, Macbeth (2)
- 5 *Cold Spring* (2)
- 6 *An Inland Sea*, Galloway (2)
- 7 *The Rebel Angels*, Davies (2)
- 8 *Go Shanty, Come Shanty Quick!*, Moore (2)
- 9 *God Emperor of Dune*, Herbert (2)
- 10 *Famous Last Words*, Fleming (2)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Aquilifers*, Newman (2)
- 2 *Flames Across the Border*, Sarton (2)
- 3 *The Art of Robert Beaman*, Davy (2)
- 4 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Macmillan (2)
- 5 *Invitation to a Royal Wedding*, Scott (2)
- 6 *Mis of Property*, Goldstein (2)
- 7 *Diplomatic Passport*, Bickler (2)
- 8 *The Game of Our Lives*, Gosselin (2)
- 9 *Compass*, Sarton (2)
- 10 *Mystery at the Black*, Cook

(2) Previews best week

FILMS

The master of gentle mysteries

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR
Directed by François Truffaut

The two lovers in *The Woman Next Door* are so far inside each other's skins that there can never be any happiness for them—and they know it. Bernard (Gérard Depardieu) has been living with his wife and child contentedly in a Grenoble suburb until, by accident, Nathalie (Fanny Ardant, a great French beauty) moves in next door with her husband. The minute they see and silently acknowledge one another, fear crosses their faces; they know that their love affair of six years ago—passionate, painful, ecstatic—is and always will remain unfulfilled. They begin their affair again, meeting in a small hotel, wrapped up in each other and the world without realize they reside. During one of these clandestine trysts, Bernard walks across the room talking to Nathalie, holding her shy and unconsciously smiling at all the while; it's one of the most quietly stunning erotic scenes ever filmed.

There's no question that François Truffaut's *The Woman Next Door* has been directed by a master. After the inside of *The Last Metro* and *Love on*

Depardieu: unrepentant adulterer



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Ardent actress, painter, ecstasie

THEATRE

Caught between the lines

THE PASSING SCENE
By David Letter
Directed by William Law

When the dirty lines of public affairs becomes too offensive for private eyes, disgraced members of society finally believe journalists will do the wash for them. That belief was revealed as a delusion in the aftermath of Watergate, when the scandal that could have transformed a society was instead transformed into a movie celebrating true reporters. The world of false idols continues. The ultimate irony of Watergate is that the

writing a lifestyle culture for a sub-
port magazine. The real stars are the be-
gining. Under her pointed questions
Dun—now a full-fledged media where
fallen victim to the tabloids—confesses
to an affair while pretending his love for
Kitty. She tenderly forgives the moral
disgrace is dropped, and their celebra-
tion of a life together continues, blindly.

Playwright Ritter is his own worst
enemy. She has not yet found a voice
that will blend his magical, biting wit—
also amply displayed in her previous
hit, *Adventures With*—with her more
profound issues and characters. Instead



Beatty (left) and Popai: a moment of truth in a play of truth and shadow

and Reagan is now in the White House,
and it is no coincidence that the play
both life (Viktor Cronkite, for in-
stances) and art (Warren Beatty as John
Ford in *Rebel*) are the new heroes of the
age.

Kriska Ritter's new play, *The Passing*
Scene, explores this phenomenon with a
"moral compass" held by two journal-
ists whose private ethical codes fac-
tuate according to the events they
cover. Their worldliness and marriage
also the Watergate years (1971 to
1974). Dick (Alfred Ruppel) is a former
editor of *The Washington Post*, but Kitty (Dorothy Beatty) has no
above public counterpart. The title of
her book of essays, *Unseen Guerrillas*,
says it all: the secretology—only the
inner life is secret. Yet, at their first
meeting, Dick, the old-time newspaper
reporter, digs up a confession of emo-
tional betrayal from her past. They fall
in love, part, back, and ally and finally
marry. Dun breaks the big story but,
rather than toppling the government,
he pulls his punches and turns the tale
beneath, Kitty with notoriety

of peering further into the promising
land of her initial promise. Ritter em-
phasizes her faith in easy laughs and shal-
low satire ("I am not a head room have
the same decorum—Parker-Prior").
The production by Toronto's Toronto
Theatre does little to dispel the con-
fusion. Famously structured into three
acts, the play moves like a scene from
New York to Hollywood and back, invit-
ing a restrained, almost classical
playing style as a counterpoint to the
dominant mode of crude realism. But
director William Law promptly turns
the play's complexities under Ritter's
caption supplies of obscenity and
one-liners.

Ruppel is convincing as Dun, and
Beatty, though unsure in her delivery,
does remarkably well in revealing Rit-
ter's knotty amalgam of witty specula-
tion and glibly hidden self-deprecation.
Happily, their final confrontation is
gripping and bittersweet, a tantalizing
glimmer of the fire Ritter might have
if had she pursued *The Passing* Scene
with greater tenacity and less wit.
—MARC CHANDLER

the *Real*, this one more marks a return
to the form of *John and Jim* and *The*
200 *Shore*. *Passing* has been breathed
into it not only by the performances of
Debarbie and *Anders*, but also by what
Troffest has chosen to say and how he
has chosen to frame the material vi-
sually. (He does get a bit smug, and
even that doesn't seem a great
indulgence.)

The story is carried by Malene
Joene (*Vivienne Rivers*), the owner of a
tense club who keeps them both and
who acts as an outside, dispassionate
commentator. Her own story adds an-
other layer to an already multifaceted
and emotionally charged narrative.
Years ago when betrayed by her lover,
Malene Joene had thrown herself from
a window, rather than being successful
in her attempt at self-destruction, she
crippled herself. Malene has been
crippled too—as the inside—and has
left abandoned by Bernard since the
first affair, once again, they can't
achieve their mission. *The Woman*
Next Door charts the careers, com-
plex progression of an affair with both
clarity and charity. Troffest employs
gentle face-acts following scenes as if
to say, "There, it will ring, the pain is
over for a while."

In its depiction of psychosocial be-
havior, *The Woman Next Door* is Troffest's
Last Tango in Paris, yet not so
liberal and naive-minded. Here, the
history of human interaction is not all
dark and dreary. At the hotel, Malene
tells Bernard, "Your hair is a mess."
He brushes his hair to the side with his
hand. "It wasn't a mess," she confesses.
"I just wanted to see you do that again."
And that is something familiar to
everyone, even though it's just a little
slip of a thing. —LARRY O'TOOLE



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Leading us around by the clause

By Alan Fotheringham

The first thing we do, it's all off the lawyers.
—Henry VI, Part II

The famed ideologue Patrick Nagle maintains that lawyers can pick by shagging out of paper while wearing boxing gloves. As evidence, we have only to look at our pocket-market constitutions, still governing at Westmoreland, all full of paprika, hops, crushed work and tender tissue. Only a nation whose leaders are lawyers could construct a new Magna Carta, built on a "notwithstanding" clause. That is the metaphor for Canada notwithstanding. A perfect Macdonaldism. Notwithstanding that it excludes one of our two founding races and tried to exclude native people and the 50 per cent of the population that is Jewish, notwithstanding we have a playperfect product of the lawyer mind.

It is why the most overlooked event of the past year is that something progress in the dream of civilization was achieved. We actually acquired a new governor without adding to the legal imbalance of the land. James Matthews Lee, look over Prince Edward Island, he is not a lawyer. No one outside the league hall in Charlottetown noticed it, but those of us put bare on earth by God in Her wisdom to supervise the legal profession marked it down as a significant act, just such as Harold Ballard's brain transplant. It means that the never-ending struggle to keep our affairs from being dominated completely by attorneys is laid down in still in a holding pattern, not put wrapped beyond repair. We're still holding a losing action, but maintaining our position in the truck. It now leaves four of the 30 provinces with their heads still held high, unsmiled by the millions of us in the. They are allowed to walk about in public, small boys do not stare them and dogs growl them with a friendly wag of the tail. They are a rare breed, these four, due for extinction eventually like the claw-toed weasel, and we should cherish them.

Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

William Richards Bennett of British Columbia is not a lawyer on account of you gotta attend university to be one and Mrs. Wee goes so rampant that he didn't finish the routine of high school, eager to get out and make a million, which he did. Bennett is a hell-lover in Earl McDougall, who, when he died, owned most of Canada and always confessed: "Left school at 14 and I've regretted it all my life. Should have left when I was 12". The reason Bennett, who was chairman of the League of Rights, was first asleep at 3 a.m. when the notwithstanding clause was introduced.



tagged together was that, not being a lawyer, his mind grew exhausted at all the legal mumbo jumbo and his body gave him a signal. If you listen to lawyers talking for too long, it makes you stare. You can look it up.

Reed Levesque is not a lawyer, but it was a close call. With that Gaelic gift of the gab, the courts might have been an overtime. His father was a lawyer, and he was following in the path, in his third year of law school at Laval, when Louis-Philippe Pigeon—later a justice of the Supreme Court of Canada—kicked him out of class for smoking Rees, in retaliation, joined the U.S. Army as a war correspondent, and journalism—not law—must take the blame for what has followed.

Lucky Mr. Lee, as a mathematician, is not a lawyer, nor is his colleague across the water, Brian Peckford. The Newfoundland premier is probably the only parliament high-school English teacher in captivity and has observed the satisfaction of shaving across the table the final

compromise solution that supposedly solved the constitution trouble. Peckford's brazen soul is fired like a furnace at the sight of Pierre Trudeau across the federal-provincial table eager to get out and make a million, which he did. Bennett is a hell-lover in Earl McDougall, who, when he died, owned most of Canada and always confessed: "Left school at 14 and I've regretted it all my life. Should have left when I was 12". The reason Bennett, who was chairman of the League of Rights, was first asleep at 3 a.m. when the notwithstanding clause was introduced.

A chap called Pate (abed of lawyer "small and rightous" words. We are men by them. Always have been. Of 242 federal cabinet ministers between 1967 and 1980, 48 per cent were lawyers. In John Porter, in his *The Vertical Mosaic*, showed how the percentage is increasing and how lawyers are far more prevalent in our political system than in Britain or Australia. Lawyers make up 50 per cent of all United States senators and representatives and 70 per cent of all presidents, vice-presidents and cabinets. Is it any wonder the world is in such a notwithstanding mood?

Kenneth, "I think we may class the lawyer in the natural history of monsters." We are now covered by monsters, mainly monsters of the words like a jungle camouflage, taking himself like a Vietnam combat veteran with his voice box as the uniform. When he returns, "finally," in one of his short speeches, you can go for a hamburger and be awarded of returning for the final right. Saskatchewan's Allan Rockwell approaches the English language carefully, in a bomb-disposal expert creeping upon an engineer, ever creeping, until the bomb defuses for lack of sleep.

Joe Clark, exposed, among other reasons, because the public was slightly nervous over a chap who—given the choice of two law schools, Dalhousie and the University of BC—flubbed them both. Joe's duration for the law was his greatest gift, but the public is a man of the westcoast. The chance are the most prime minister (Macdonald and Turner or one note, Mulroney and Crook on the other) will rise from the legal leagues. Notwithstanding. We are brains for parliament.



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